

GREAT BIG FAT ANNUAL

MAC
50¢

SICK

DOUBLE
BONUS!

DRIVE YOUR FRIENDS CRAZY!

SICK
ANNOUNCEMENT
CARDS

PLUS FULL-COLOR
WILD PARTY
HANG-UP



This issue is too much!

WANT TO LOSE FRIENDS AND INFURIATE PEOPLE? IT'S EASY
WHEN YOU KNOW HOW! SIMPLY SEND THEM THESE . . .

CUT-OUT AND PASTE-OVER

SICK ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

*The City Planning Commission
wishes to instruct you that
the building you live in
has been condemned
and desires that you
vacate the premises
immediately
making way for the
wrecking crews
who will arrive in the morning.*

The County Clerk's office
finds after searching through its
records
that a mixup occurred
in the hospital
at the time of your birth
and that you are really
somebody else.
Please call at the above office
for further details.

*The Main Street Mortuary
takes pride in announcing
that you have just been awarded
an all-expense-paid-funeral.*

*This offer expires
one week from today
so you are respectfully urged
to do the same.*

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The City Health Department
has evidence which leads us
to believe that during the past year
you have slowly been poisoned
and suggests that you not panic
but report to this office immediately
for emergency treatment.

WE know a guy who wanted to commit suicide but instead of an overdose of sleeping tablets, he took, by mistake an overdose of No-Doz. He hasn't slept for a month.

* * *

At Christmas time, do they send CARE packages gift-wrapped?

* * *

The South and North Poles have moved. Just in case you were going to write them a letter.

* * *

There's an IBM booth on Broadway in New York that analyzes your character by a handwriting test. You just write your name on a card and the machine analyzes you. We wrote the name Gladivostak Pimpkin. We don't know who he is, but he's in big trouble. According to the IBM machine, he is psychotic and has definite tendencies to sign other people's names on handwriting analysis tests.

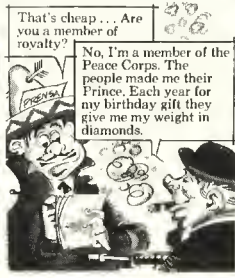
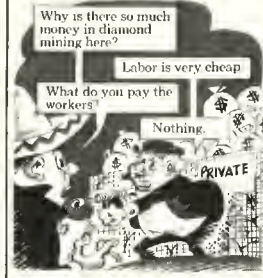
* * *



GREAT BIG FAT ANNUAL

SICK

The richest man in the world lives in Bolivia. He is the owner of vast diamond fields that net him over 35 million dollars per year.



MINUTE MONOLOGUE:

Liberia sends first man into space. The Liberian Information officer addresses press.

Gentlemen, Liberia sent its first space ship into orbit. Yes, a question? What magazine are you from, son? Ebony? You sit up here and you there from the Atlanta Gazette, you move to the rear of the auditorium. What's your question, son? Did we have any trouble? A little over Tennessee. The Air National Guard sent up planes and tried to shoot our capsule down.

* * *

Do cats wash their faces or do they wash their feet and wipe them on their faces?

* * *

"The Creature that Devoured Cleveland" was filmed on location. Have you noticed there has been very little news out of Cleveland lately?

* * *

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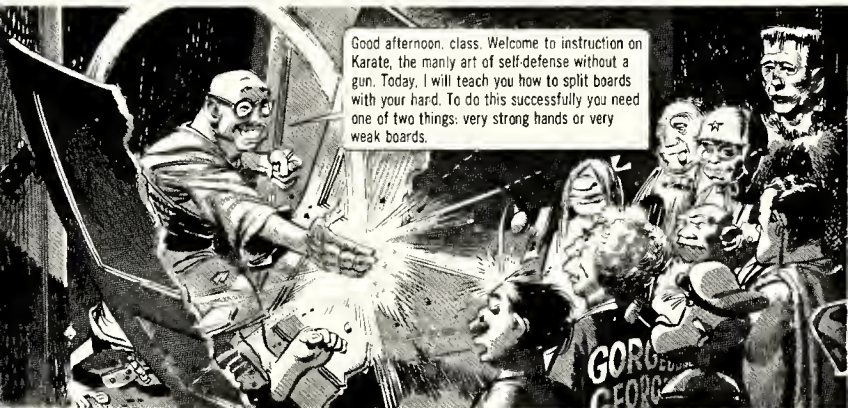
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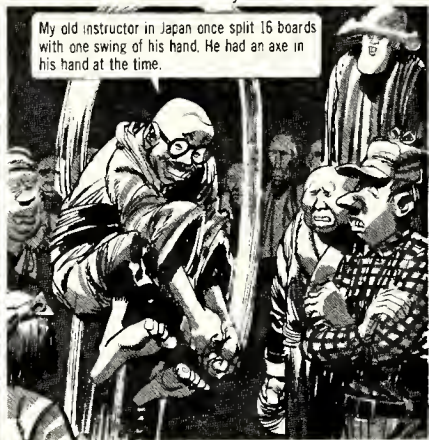
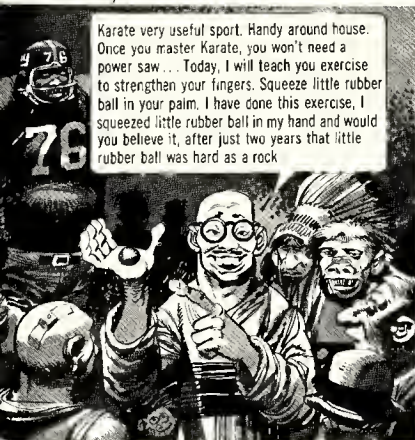
KARATE LESSONS

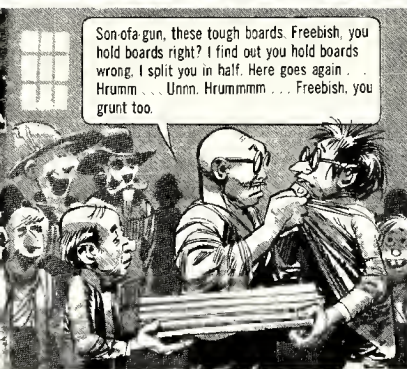
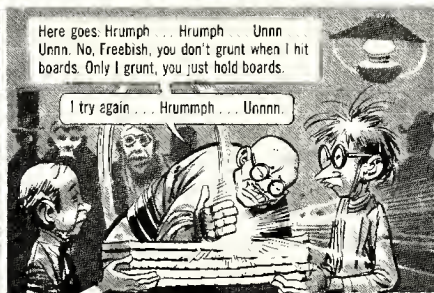
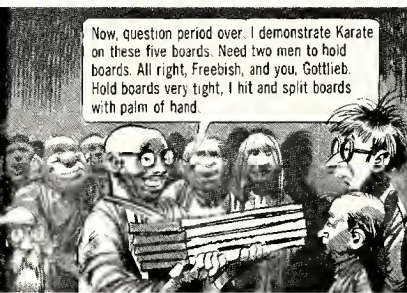
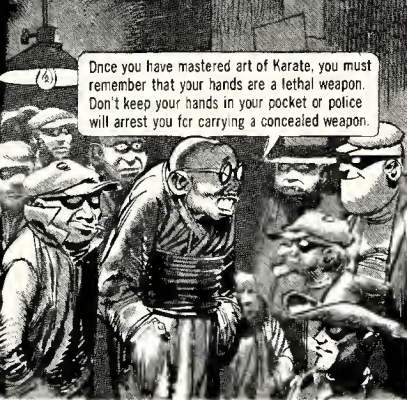
We recently attended a class in Karate, the instructor fascinated us. When he entered the room, he didn't open the door, he split it down the middle. His lecture went something like this—



By Dee Caruso and Bill Levine

Art by Jack Davis







Who said a good newspaper has to be dull? The same guys who said a bad newspaper has to be exciting—namely, the clods who write headlines for tabloids that sell like crazy. Only, if you read between the lines you'll find it's all a lot of haggwash like most of these examples of today's...

Art by Angelo Torres



DOPE RING BROKEN UP

ASSOCIATION OF CLODS ENDS MEMBERSHIP



SEX PLAY IN COLLEGE DORMITORY

STUDENTS PUT ON TENNESSEE WILLIAMS PLAY



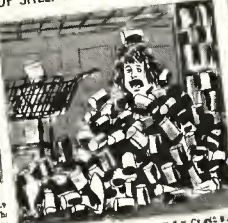
TAKE

Script by Paul Laikin

HEADLINES

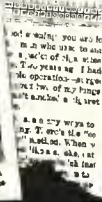
STOCK MARKET CRASHES DOWN

GROCERIES FROM TOP SHELF FALL ON LADY SHOPPER



HUNDREDS GO OUT ON STRIKE

PITCHER FANS RECORD NUMBER OF BATTERS
IN EXTRA-INNING GAME



MAN SHOCKED BY ELECTRICITY CHARGE

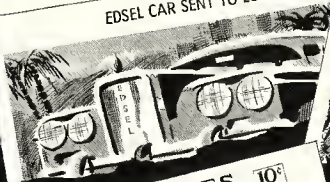
CON EDISON PRICES OUTRAGEOUS
SHOUTS CUSTOMER



Some people who want
break the cigarette habit
end up smoking more.
Why? You feel it's an
... No, a bit better.
You are looking at
who hasn't had
10 years. I
so can

SHIP DISASTER IN CALIFORNIA

EDSEL CAR SENT TO LOS ANGELES



**OLD LADY
MUGGED IN THE BRONX**

AGING COMEDienne SCORES BIG HIT



The government is and
its stance is a
trade on my
I had to allow
to cigarettes
of Chile and
I have

MAN BITES DOG

The government is also
aware of the cigarette
problem.

TAKES ONE NIP OF FRANKFURTER



TEENAGE VICE BARED IN SCHOOL

ASSISTANT TO PRESIDENT OF G.O. APPOINTED



**HURRICANE WINDS
HEADED FOR CITY**

...FAMED STRIPPER TO OPEN AT NIGHTCLUB



MILLIONS KILLED BY POISON GAS

SCORES OF TERMITES ROUTED BY NEW SPRAY



From the always exciting
to the red sailing: "How
about a little sailing?"

A big problem facing movie producers today is the task of devising new and more horrifying fiends to scare the pants off the kiddies of the world.

Monsters from space—from the bottom of the sea—from the fourth, fifth and sixth dimension—have been done and redone and kids are wise to them. They're just not making it any more. A new look is needed. But what's left?

We'll tell you what's left... What the movie moguls are overlooking are the basic, real life horrors that kids know all too well... And to get Hollywood started right, we've prepared this set of ods which shall be called —

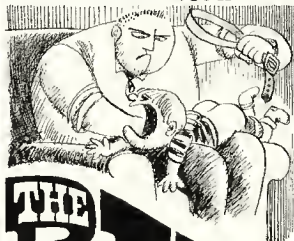
REAL MOVIE MONSTERS FOR SMALL TYKES

**HEAR
SEE
SHUDDER**

HORRIBLE SCREAMS
BEFORE DADDY EVEN
GETS THE BELT

DADDY TAKING A BELT
(B6 proof)

AS MOMMY
SCREAMS
YOU'LL GET



**THE
BELT**

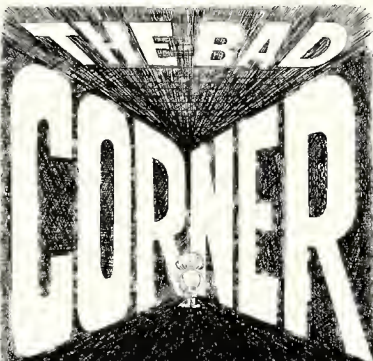
Starring

Spanky McFarland

Fanny Lize

A Hickok Production

WHAT SECRETS DID THESE
CONVERGING WALLS HOLD?!!



WHY DID SHE SCREAM
"GO STAND IN THE CORNER!"

WHAT HORRORS WERE BEING COVERED UP?
WHAT DIRTY SECRETS LURKED AT THE BOTTOM OF

THE DAILY BATHER



Starring

Lava
Saap

Saapy
Sales

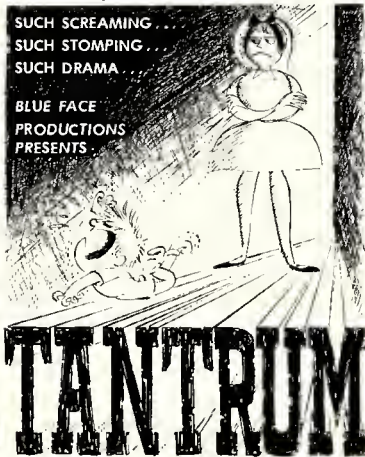
Mister
Bubbles

A Dial Production

YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN...

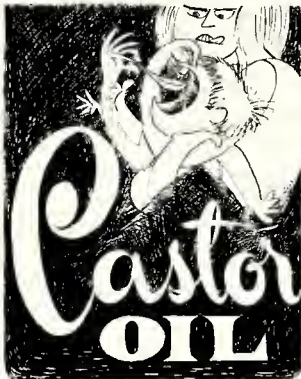
SUCH SCREAMING...
SUCH STOMPING...
SUCH DRAMA...

BLUE FACE
PRODUCTIONS
PRESENTS



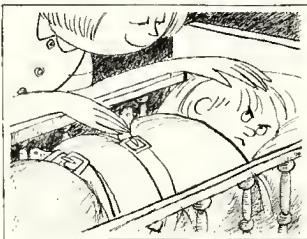
A KICK and STOMP Release

OF ALL THE HORRORS
THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING
LIKE THE HORROR OF...



A SLIPPERY PRODUCTION

IN THE BRIGHT AND SUNNY AFTERNOON
WHY WERE THEY FORCED TO TAKE —



THE NAP

A SLEEPER FILM

WHAT PSYCHOLOGICAL POWERS
DID THIS PIECE OF
WOOLEN SVENGALI HOLD?



Starring

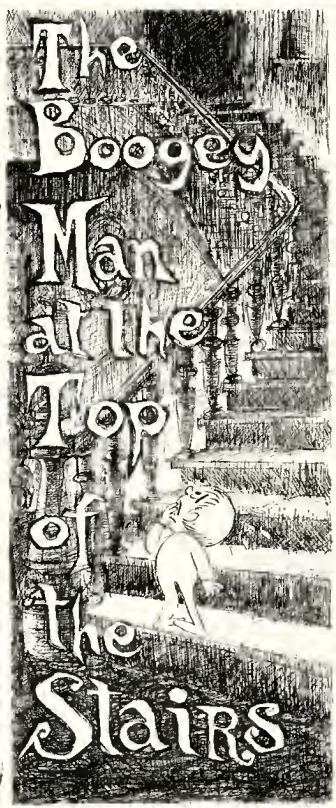
Jean Simmans

Jane Beautyrest

Sam Springmaid


A PILLOW TALK RELEASE

The Boogey Man at the Top of the Stairs



WILD WORLD OF SPORTS

The one TV show we'd like to do is "Wide World of Sports" and mainly to cover the duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. So here, through the wonder of imagination, is one of the great sporting events of all time—



Hello, sports fans, this is likeable Bud Palmer and "Wide World of Sports." Today, we bring you the gentlemanly sport of pistol dueling. From Weehawken, New Jersey, we have a playoff between Aaron Burr of Massachusetts and Alexander Hamilton of Washington, D. C. The duel was caused because Mr. Hamilton said he doesn't like Burr's first name. To make matters worse, he doesn't like his last name, either.

Each man has brought six seconds. The function of the second in dueling is to carry the guns, administer first aid and take away fatally wounded duelers. Dueling is one sport where the loser gets carried off the field. Now, here is one of the participants in today's "Wide World of Sports" presentation, Mr. Alexander Hamilton. I'm over here, Mr. Hamilton. Sir, what can you tell us about your gun duel today with Aaron Burr?

Aaron Burr? What kind of a name is that?

Is it true, sir, that you opposed Mr. Burr's campaign to become Governor of Boston even though he had the backing of President George Washington?

George Washington? What kind of a name is that?

Bud Palmer, what kind of a name is that?

I know you want to get on the field of battle. Good luck, Mr. Hamilton, and thank you. No, sir, the battle is that way. Now, here is Aaron Burr. Mr. Burr, I'm Bud Palmer.

Hamilton, what kind of a weapon have you chosen?

A Derringer 45.

Was that your first choice?

No, my first choice was a small cannon, but that took too long to load.

Isn't it true, Mr. Burr, that this duel is more a matter of satisfying one's honor than an effort to do bodily harm to your opponent?

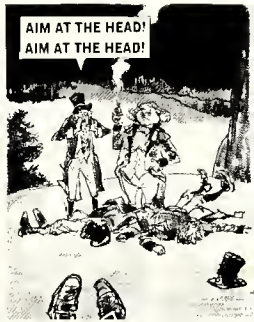
No, I intend to blow his brains out.

Now, the duelers are back to back and the chief second is counting off the paces...



I think this duel will be over soon, fans, they are running out of seconds.

I see Hamilton's last remaining second is shouting instructions to him.



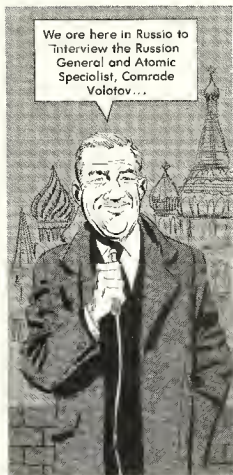
That concludes the duel. Here, is Aaron Burr. Sir, what can you tell us of today's duel? Did Mr. Hamilton have you worried at any time?

Only toward the end. He was getting mighty close. The last second he shot was my brother-in-law.



INTERVIEW

Art by Angelo Torres



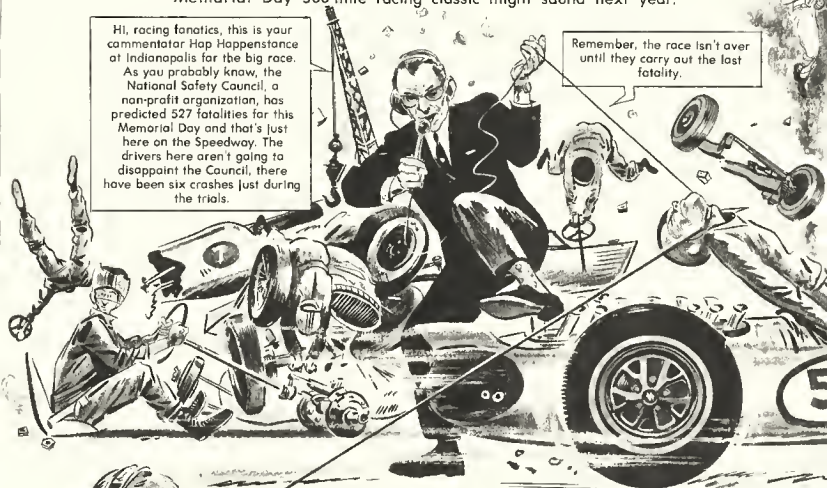
SLAUGHTER On The Speedways

The way things have been going, this is how the Indianapolis Memorial Day 500-mile racing classic might sound next year.

Hi, racing fanatics, this is your commentator Hap Happenstance at Indianapolis for the big race.

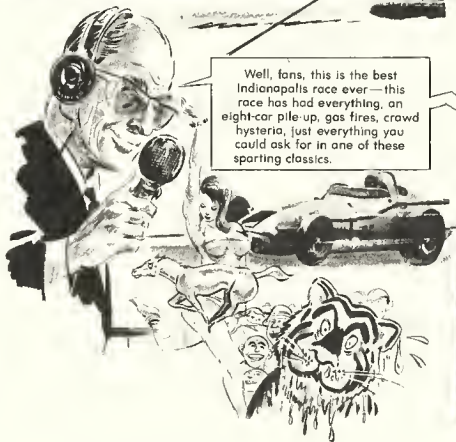
As you probably know, the National Safety Council, a non-profit organization, has predicted 527 fatalities for this Memorial Day and that's just here on the Speedway. The drivers here aren't going to disappoint the Council, there have been six crashes just during the trials.

Remember, the race isn't over until they carry out the last fatality.



Well, fans, this is the best Indianapolis race ever — this race has had everything, an eight-car pile-up, gas fires, crowd hysteria, just everything you could ask for in one of these sporting classics.

Leading the 500-mile classic right now is a Porsche driven by King Danavon who, in turn, is driven by a strong death wish



We'll interview King of his next pit stop—Hold it! I think there is a pile-up over of the for turn—

let's go to Sonder Van Ocur of the for turn...

Yes, Fons, there is a big crash down of the for turn. One of the cars—a Ferrari, went over the wall and hurtled into the crowd. That ought to cut attendance...

The lead car in this crash is driven by Bennie Bolton. His car is in flames, but now miraculously, Bennie is walking away from the crash—right into the retaining wall. Naw, here is one of the crash victims, bleeding and bruised. Tell me, what car were you driving?

A 1962 Plymouth.

Wonderful. Now, back to Hap at the pit stop.

Thanks, Sander. I have King Donovan with me. King, you are averaging 175 mph, what is it like out there?

It's a fast track.

I noticed you are going 195 on the straightway and slowing down to 35 miles per hour on turns. Is that your plan to finish first?

I just want to finish.

Tell me, King, how do you like the new Cobra cors with the engine in the back?

I like it very much.

Why?

More trunk space.

Thank you, King Danavan. I know you're anxious to get back to that slaughter out there, but before you go back onto the track, I think I ought to tell you that you're an fire. Look at King roll over on the pavement fons...

Our next guest is Tom Hawkins, who does the wonderful post-race show. Tam, who was to be your guest on your post-race show?

Well, Hap, I was going to have Harry Past, but he was part of that 16-car crash.

I missed that. There's been so much happening today.

You can still see the smoke. The Governor has declared it a disaster area.

Since Harry can't be on your show, who will be your new guest?

Harry's widow—Nara Past.

Nice thought, Tam. And here is the owner of the Indianapolis Speedway, Hennie Indianapolis. Hennie, there have been 27 crashes and 30 fatalities so far... will you comment on today's race?

Well, Hap, the race is going pretty much according to plan. You know, Hap, this year we have closed circuit TV into psychiatric wards across the country so that the sadist shut-ins who can't come to the track, will still be able to enjoy the crashes.

Nice thought, Hennie. Tell me, are you planning any improvements at Indianapolis?

I'm glad you asked. We are planning to install several new safety precautions of the Speedway.

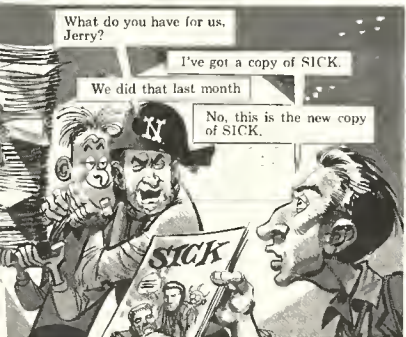
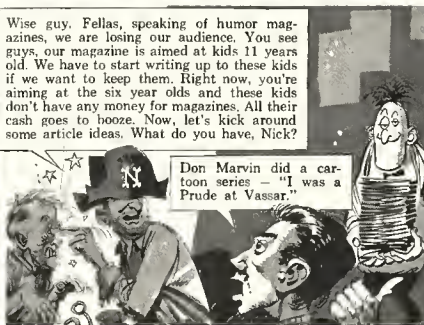
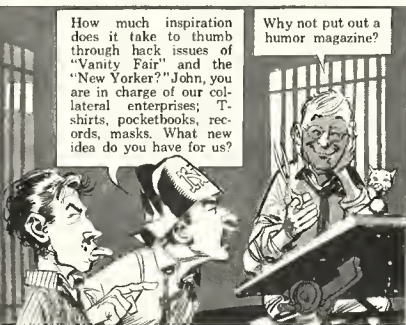
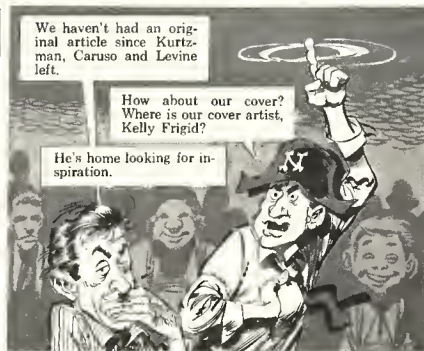
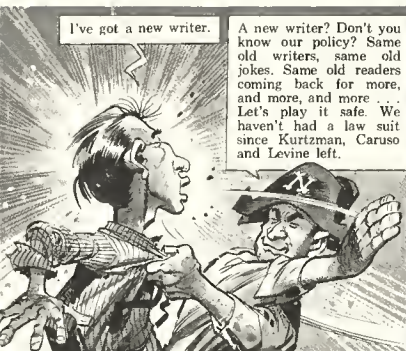
And what farm will these new safety precautions take, Hennie?

Better lighting in the rest rooms.

That will save a lot of accidents. Thanks for speaking with us, Hennie.

Fans, we have to go back to the studio, but before we do, I'd like to remind you that you don't have to come out to the Indianapolis Speedway on Memorial Day to see this wholesale slaughter of cars and men. Just go out on any one of our nation's highways any Sunday afternoon. And when you do, ask yourself this question: "Why drive carefully?"

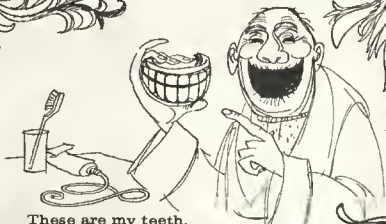
Look at it this way—The life you save—could be a no-good bum.



Primers are always written for kids when they're in their first childhood but there's never been one for kids the second time around — namely when they reach the age of senility and it starts all over again, like this...

PRIMER For A

Look at the pretty rocker!
It is my pretty rocker.
I can sit for hours on end.
Rock, rock, rock.
I love my pretty rocker.
I love to sit on my rocker.
I love to rock on my rocker.
I never want to be off my rocker.



These are my teeth.
See how nice and white they are?
Don't you wish you had teeth like mine?
Don't you wish you bought some too?
My teeth are very small and dainty.
Sometimes I look and I can't find them.
Once I sat down on my teeth.
I almost bit myself to death.

See the little children?
They are my little grandchildren.
They run and jump up on my knee.
They laugh and climb up on my lap.
They scream and pile up on my back.
I love it when they come to play.
I hate it when they go away.
Because that's when I can't straighten out



This is my gold watch.
My company gave it to me.
I worked there for fifty years.
They should have given me a calendar.
What can I do with a watch?
At my age I don't need one.
I asked them what I should do with it.
They told me.



Script by Paul Latkin

Art by Arnold Franchioni

Second Childhood

FOR KIDDIES OVER 90

See the pretty underwear?
These are my longjohns.
I wear them to keep me warm.
I just itch to put them on.
Nohody knows about my longjohns.
I keep it a secret.
See the trap door in the hack?
That is my hideout.

My, what have we here?
It is a hot water bag!
I play with my hot water hag.
It is my favorite toy.
I always keep it at my side.
I take it to hed with me at night.
It's the only thing that keeps me warm.
What else?

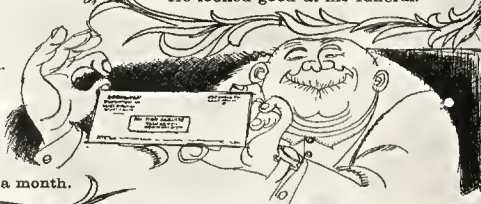


See the lovely letter?
It is a letter from my son.
He writes me every week.
He is the good son.
He should live and be well.
I like getting letters from my son.
I like to hear from him.
Even if it's only a couple of dollars.

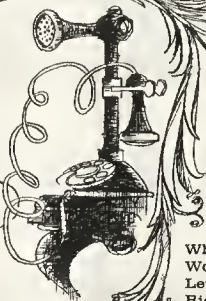


Oh, what have we here?
It is a bowl!
What is in the bowl?
It is my medicine.
It is better than the doctor's medicine.
See how it sparkles and shines?
It will cure me of all my ills.
It is chicken soup.

This is my Social Security check.
I get one every month.
It cost me a lot to collect now.
I paid in a lot of money.
I paid in a thousand dollars.
I paid in for fifty years.
Now they are paying me back.
They are giving me forty dollars a month.



This is a telephone.
It rings all the time.
I go over and pick it up.
It is not for me.
I walk away very sad.
Did you ever hear anything like it?
I never heard anything like it.
A son shouldn't call up once a week?



This is a cigarette.
I smoke a lot of them each day.
My doctor told me to give them up.
Instead I gave my doctor up.
He said that I would surely die.
This was twenty years ago.
My doctor never smoke nor drank.
He looked good at his funeral.



What a pretty wheelchair!
Wouldn't you like to sit on it?
Let's go riding down the hall.
Ride, ride, ride.
I like to play with my wheelchair.
But I don't really need one.
It's just nice to have around.
If I want to move from one place to another.

See the crowd of people?
They are always in the park.
They just sit around and talk.
Talk, talk, talk.
Sometimes they sit and play checkers.
Sometimes they sit and just look.
I don't like to play with them.
They're a hunch of old fogies.



This is an old folk's home.
It has lots of lovely things.
It has ping pong and television.
And game rooms and movies.
It must be fun to play in there.
I have never been inside.
My children told me about it.
They're the ones I live with now.

These are my bi-focals.
I have lots of different kinds.
Lots, lots, lots.
I have one for reading.
I have one for writing.
I even have pairs for walking and eating.
Still it doesn't help me.
I haven't got one for seeing.



Look at the pretty hottles!
One is filled with prune juice.
I drink it every morning.
The other is filled with huttermilk.
I drink it every night.
Did you ever hear of such a diet?
I don't know whether I'm coming or going!



This is my hairpiece.
I wear it when I go to town.
It makes me look years younger.
It makes me look sixty again.
I also have new teeth and a glass eye.
And padding in all my clothing.
I want to make a good appearance.
I want people to like me for myself. 23

The Mod revolution has created some serious problems for the style-conscious young swinger. Take tie tying, for example. Ties had either been abandoned by the young set or become so thin that knots and loops had been improvised

if not pre-set by the manufacturer.

Now, the man-sized Mod is here and the young fashionable can no longer fake the knot. It is with justifiable pride, therefore, that we present this much needed simple instruction feature.

HOW TO TIE YOUR TIE



1. With the assistance of our model, we plan to show you the proper way to tie your tie.



2. Your first move is to place the tie around your neck holding the ends in front of you thusly.



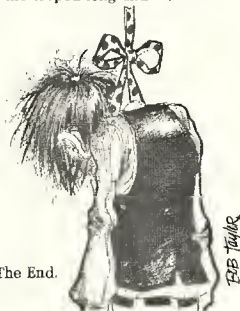
3. Now still holding the one end in your left hand, loop the right end around under the left end, then hold both ends.



4. After this simple maneuver, stick the long end through the looped shorter end—or is it stick the shorter end through the looped long end—.



5. Wait—wait a minute! Is it loop the looped end through the short long end?—



6. The End.

The Advertising Industry is growing rapidly. Many agencies are now "public owned", which means they are on the stock market, which also means that millions of ordinary citizens now participate in the great Madison Avenue business of huckstering.

To cater to this growing group, the Adventure Magazine Field might consider a more specialized publication, like this...

MADISON AVENUE MAN'S ADVENTURE

magazine

THE TIME I GOT SMASHED!

At The Office Christmas Party

**MY LIFE AND DEATH RACE
AGAINST THE CLOCK!**

To Catch The 8:02

THEY CLOBBERED ME IN A WILD STAMPEDE!

At The Coffee Break

I WAS STABBED BY A STRANGER!

Wearing Painted Italian Shoes

THE MOST AGONIZING DAY OF MY LIFE!

When They Put Starch In My Jockey Shorts

I CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A TIGER!

In My Tank

**THE DAY I ALMOST
CHOKED TO DEATH!**

Wearing A 12-Button Suit

MY STOMACH WAS COVERED WITH BLOOD!

From My Ulcer

A FURIOUS DASH TO THE DEATH!

Along The Merritt Parkway

TERROR IN THE OFFICE!

When My Wife Caught Me With My Secretary

AND MANY OTHER GUTSY ARTICLES





I Kept Gossiping For Breath
As My Whole Body Went Limp

The Time I Got SMASHED

at the Office Christmas Party!

AN ADVERTISING
MAN'S ORDEAL:

by A. K. Smedley



All around me the wild grotesque nightmare was in full swing. The whole scene was in utter chaos and vibrated with the ear-piercing screams of terrified young girls being chased around desks by drunk-crazed white-collar men. Everywhere there were victims staggering about, some lying motionless in a wine-drenched stupor. Lecherous old men went completely berserk and pursued frightened young file-clerks from room to room. Bloody Marys and Pink Ladys were being downed in every nook and corner. Bodies were falling all over the place. It was a hideous spectacle to behold!

And right in the middle of it all I lay there on the floor writhing in agony. I found myself getting smashed and smashed, right and left. I felt my guts slipping away. No matter how I tried I couldn't lift myself off the ground. I crawled along in excruciating pain, searching desperately for some way to escape the sadistic horde!

It was the most horrifying experience of my life. And the ironic part of it all was that this was just a normal working day at the office. It wasn't even Christmas yet. The party wasn't supposed to be until two weeks later!

A JUNIOR EXECUTIVE'S NIGHTMARE:

MY LIFE AND DEATH RACE AGAINST THE CLOCK!

TO CATCH THE 8:02

by T. S. GLICK

Each fleeting second seemed like an agonizing eternity. It was barely 12 minutes to the fateful deadline and here I was painfully behind schedule. I had to get there on time or all would be lost. I had to make it or give up everything. I had to catch that 8:02 Express out of Kingsport! To miss it would mean the most horrible catastrophe my family and I ever faced. The boss had made it clear from the beginning—we would all starve to death if I got fired!

Only minutes before I was lying on my bed never dreaming I would soon be so close to disaster. My wife nudged me. "You idiot," she bellowed in a large booming voice, "it's 7:23!" I stared at her in disbelief. "You can't mean that, honey," I screamed. With that she pounced on me and started hitting me over the head until it finally sunk in. I was going to be late!

Quick as a flash I grabbed my clothes and made a mad dash to the door. It was 7 short blocks to the station and I could not face the thought of failing. A lot was depending on split-second timing. Racing furiously along the hard cold cobblestone I gasped for breath with each frantic step. It was now only 3 minutes away and I felt my heart pounding with terror as my legs started crumbling under me!

With a last desperate surge forward I staggered into the station. As I lay there panting and clutching my chest I gazed up at the clock. I had made it just in time but there was no train in sight. The whole scene was quiet and deserted. Suddenly a gnawing, terrifying realization came to me. It was Sunday! I wasn't supposed to be at work until the following day!

**Racing Furiously Along
I Knew I Had To Make It
Or Face Certain Disaster!**



They CLOBBERED Me in a Wild STAMPEDE

at the coffee Break

by I. R. BLEEDING



They were like a pack of hungry animals ravaging everything in their path. Like Pavlov's dogs, when the ball rang the saliva dripped from their twisted lips and ran down their crazed perverse faces. Running amok down staircases and into elevators, they were insatiable as pandemonium broke loose. I slipped and fell and was dragged 18 feet by a berserk bookkeeper. Soon all sorts of foods were flying about me. I was hit in the groin by a seltzer bottle!

It took exactly 15 minutes. When it was all over the whole area was strewn with broken coke bottles, torn Drake's cake wrappers and assorted nuts from O. Henry bars. Suddenly, as the maddening din had all but vanished, there came the eerie clanging sound of another bell. This time it was for the *real* coffee break! The bell before had been a fire alarm! While everyone was out on this food orgy all their desks had burned down!

HOW WE RETIRED TO BRAZIL ON \$1500 A MONTH



It was so easy a file clerk could have gotten away with it! There was this bi-monthly payroll plus the Christmas bonuses. All we did was take it with us when everyone was out on a coffee break. Now we're living it up in sunny Brazil where they can't touch us. For more details drop us a card today.

PHONY-X Insurance Company
of Brazil

which is another way of adding to our income as we now underwrite phony insurance policies!

Will you spend \$2 to LOSE your hair?



It may be alright for people in show business to walk around with a full head of hair, but on Madison Avenue it just isn't done. For the well-groomed executive it's all crewcut. That's the chic Ivy League way. If your hair grows too fast we will show you how to lose it—just enough so that you have a permanent crewcut. What we do is get right down to the roots of your head and destroy your hair up to a point—the point on your head, that is. Look like a real executive. Send \$2 today for our magic formula. If it doesn't work you'll tear your hair out trying to get your money back—so either way you can't lose!

CHARLES ANTHILL

SCALP, ME.

I WAS STABBED BY A STRANGER

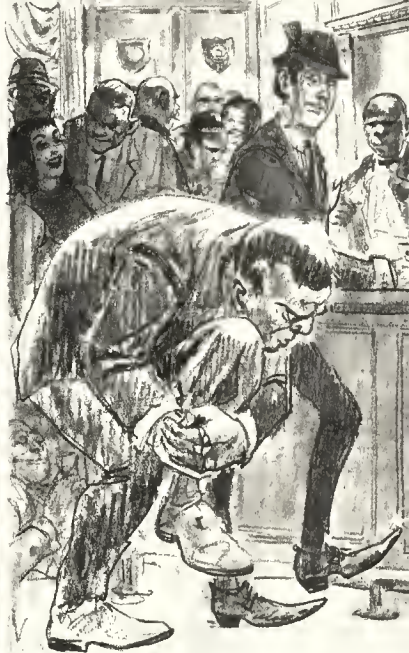
Wearing Pointed Italian Shoes

by S. S. STOREY

It was all so bizarre and uncanny I couldn't believe it even after the blood started trickling down my left ankle. There I was standing next to this total stranger in an East Side bar when all of a sudden I felt a sharp jabbing thrust. I looked down to see what had caused this sensation but there was nothing in sight. Yet there was this gory pulsating wound and there was I wincing in bitter agony!

As I doubled up from the pain I saw for the first time the horrifying weapon that had wounded me. There on the feet of the stranger beside me was the most pointed pair of Italian shoes I had ever seen! They were so pointed the tips glistened and shone.

"Get me his name!" I screamed as I fell to the floor. Fortunately he was known to the bartender who called the police as the man fled. Although he is still at large I shall never forget his name. This man with the French cuffs, the Swiss watch, the Irish linen handkerchief and the Hong Kong suit was Max Schwartz—he was the one who stabbed me!



BE A CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD



No matter if you're now an office boy or an Executive Vice-President, if you send for our special correspondence course in just 3 short weeks you can be a Chairman of any Board you choose. We carry a large assortment of boards for you to pick from—exciting plywood, dynamic teak or the sophisticated new two-by-four. Act today. You'll soon be knocking an wood that you did!

"I CAN MAKE A
NEW EXECUTIVE
OF YOU IN ONLY
30 DAYS."

soys C. B. Strongarm

Business World's Most
Perfectly Developed Executive



To look at me now you'd never believe that I was once a 97-lb. office boy! Today I'm famous the world over as a two-fisted hard hitting man of steel—mainly because that's what I'm an executive in! And how did I accomplish all this? How did I rise to the top of the heap? Simple! Hard work, exercise and fierce determination—that's what did it! How else would I have ever gotten the boss' daughter to marry me? If you want to get ahead in the business world then send for my free booklet today!

BOX T.O.P.

HOW TO
SUCCEED
IN
BUSINESS
WITHOUT
REALLY
SUCCEEDING

SICLY, ILL

COPY WANTED

To Be Set To Music

Send us your favorite copywriting piece, campaign slogan, ad blurb or any other advertising material you have written and we will set it to music. Our pupils are now flooding TV and Radio with jingles we've done. Any minute they expect to sell one. You can be the first! Act today—before our lease expires!

JINGLE INC.

OMYPA, PA.

LAST WEEK I MADE \$235,"

says R. J. Smedley



"padding
my
expense
account!"



Earn big money right on your job—without investing any extra time at all. It's so easy when you know how. All you do is juggle a few figures around. Let trained experts teach you. Send now for free booklet.

No. 149732

Leavenworth

**ATTENTION
CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD
FINISH HIGH SCHOOL
AT HOME—IN SPARE TIME**

It's a well-known fact that people with no education have risen to the top and hire college graduates to do their work for them. But look at all you're missing! So you left in the 3rd grade to get a job and worked your way up! This doesn't mean you shouldn't know about Algebra and Frog Dissection! Add a new dimension to your life. Walk into that next Board Meeting with a High School Diploma in your hands! Write today:



MANSTION STUDY COURSE
DIPLO. MO.

The Ten Commandments

For The Madison Avenue Executive



- *Thou shalt have no other gods but thy employer*
- *Thou shalt not take the name of thy corporation in vain*
- *Thou shalt not covet thy client's goods*
- *Thou shalt not steal from thy company's funds*
- *Thou shalt not commit adulterated products*
- *Thou shalt not kill a successful promotion campaign*
- *Thou shalt not worship unsalable items*
- *Thou shalt not bear real witness against thy sponsor's wares*
- *Thou shalt not carry more than \$50 in cash with thee*
- *Thou shalt not have any other commandments but these*

How To
Live in Westport
On \$5 A Day

How To
Avoid Picking Up
A Check
In A Restaurant

How To
Balance Your
Secretary On One Knee
While Giving Dictation

ANY 5 BOOKS FOR \$1

WHEN YOU JOIN THE

HOW-TO BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

FOR EXECUTIVES

Madison Avenue, N.Y.
(Send today for free coupon)

How To
Take The Credit
For Somebody
Else's Work

How To
Explain Your Wife
To Your
Secretary

How To
Win Clients
By Influencing
Their Wives

How To
Take 3-Hour
Lunch Breaks
On The Company's Time

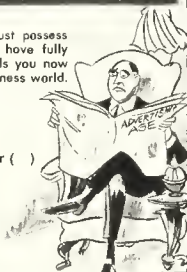
How To
Fail In Business
Without Really Trying

How To
Make A Decision
Without Really
Deciding Anything

What is Your Executive Status?

To be a successful executive today you must possess certain "Status Symbols" to show that you have fully arrived. Check each of the following symbols you now have and see what your status is in the business world.

- A home in Westport ()
- A daughter at Wellesley ()
- A British-speaking secretary ()
- An unlisted answering service number ()
- Two keys to the Men's Room ()
- A five-button Ivy League suit ()
- Monogrammed jockey shorts ()
- A fur-lined attache case ()
- A lifetime Playboy key ()
- A chronic atomech ulcer ()



ATTENTION EXECUTIVES:

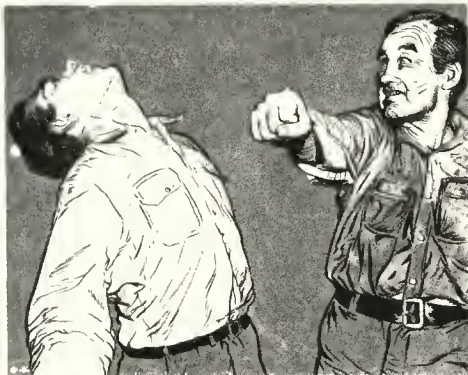
RENT A LONGSHOREMAN

**FOR
YOUR
NEXT
PARTY**

Pep up that sophisticated but dull cocktail party with a reel-live honest-to-goodness hairy cursing longshoremen complete in dirty uniform.

Watch the ladies blush when he tells those filthy gutter stories. Watch the men quiver when he grabs their wives and starts making love to them. Watch your own self panic when he shakes you down for more money than you agreed to pay him.

Our longshoremen come in all shepeas, sizes and colors. Send for free brochure today and say goodbye to party boredom.



PARTY RENT-ALLS

MASH, MICH.

Are you making mistakes
in Madison Avenue

INGLISH

In order to be a more successful Madison Avenue man you have to know how to talk like one. Plain old-fashioned good English simply won't do nowadays. You have to color your speech with sophisticated phrases like "run it up the flagpole and see who salutes it" — or "here's one off the top of my head" — or even "make that a very dry martini, waiter!" Send today for a complete correspondence course which teaches you a whole new English language. It'll grab you, baby, it'll grab you!

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
BRONX, N.Y.

Lonely?

Meet Attractive
Women Executives

If you've been thinking it's time to merge we have just the company for you. Our clients are top-drawer professionals from all walks of industry. All replies held confidential. Each meeting strictly hush-hush. In fact, everything's so secret you don't even give us your right name. Just contact us and we'll fix you up. Then we send you our bill and you will fix us up!



MERGERS INC. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Can you draw this?



If you can duplicate the above piece of artwork it shows that you have talent as a creative executive. Send us your name for free booklet showing just how far this talent can take you. Enclose your bank balance so we can determine just how far we can take you!

INFAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOL
WESTPORT, CONN.

MADISON AVENUE SHOPPING MART

IMPROVE YOUR VOICE

Have More Authority
On Your Job



Workers will snap to your call if your voice comes over loud and clear. This item is guaranteed to make you heard anywhere in the office.

BIG NEW IDEAS IN JOCKEY SHORTS

- Grey Flannel
- Fur-Lined
- Mink-Covered
- Fully-Sterched

Look important
Feel important
Walk important



Remember: It's what's up front that counts!
UNDERWEAR UNLIMITED CREEP, ENG.

Why bother with your crabgrass at all?

Just paint it green!



Our handy green paint product makes your crabgrass look like freshly-mowed grass. Just smear it over those unsightly roots and it will stay that way forever. As long as it doesn't rain, that is!

CRABGRASS KILLERS INC. CADA, VER.

MADISON AVENUE MAN OF THE MONTH

An Award For Outstanding Achievement
In The World of Advertising



B.J. FINKHART

New York, N.Y.

For introducing such artistic advertising concepts as ten-foot washers, white tornados, Ajax knights, jolly green giants and drained sinus cavities, this award is humbly given—and to show the appreciation of our entire industry the above named individual is hereby awarded the Edsel Account to be his for life.

LOOKING FOR NEW DEPENDANTS TO CLAIM?

We Supply The People—
You Deduct Them
From Your Income Tax



What we do is send as many people as you order to your home and you support them. You feed them, clothe them, comfort them—and then deduct them from your Income Tax. Write today for list of people available and rates for each.

PEOPLE WHO NEED PEOPLE

OOLA, LA.

I got my job thru the New York Times



Read your Classified Want Ads



"Miss Jones, take a suicide note."

**8 X 10 GLOSSY
PINUPS OF EXCITING
GIRLS
IN INDUSTRY**

Ivy Baker Priest, Pat Ward and many others in daring, revealing poses. Full set of 12 for only \$1. Comes in unmarked charcoal grey envelope.

I. J. KLAU SCARSDALE PHOTOS

In Next Issue:

- **I WAS ALMOST CRUSHED TO DEATH!**
By The Paperwork On My Desk
- **THE TWO-TON GREYHOUNDS WERE AFTER ME!**
But I took An Intarcity Bus Instead
- **TOSSED HIGH UP IN THE AIR!**
But Nobody Saluted It
- **THE CASE OF THE POISON-PEN COPYWRITER**



- PIN-UP PICTURES OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FILE-CLERKS IN THE WORLD AND MANY OTHER TWO-FISTED ARTICLES



ON SALE SOON
In your favorite commuter car

**FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING
and still wants more!**

MAKE BIG MONEY

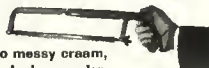
**Also Small, Medium
And King-Size Money**



You'll be making more money than you've ever dreamed possible with our proven success formula. The supply is endless.

ITCHING IN MEN

RELIEVED LIKE MAGIC



**No messy cream,
no leaky powder,
no nothing**

Use this handy gadget and your itching problems vanish with each application. Will last a long time—which is great for people with 7-year itch.

WANT TO GET THAT RAISE?

**This Sure-Fire Method
Can't Miss!**



The only way to be sure of getting that raise is to go in and shoot from the hip. Be a straight-shooter and you can't miss! Send for this top calibre item and you'll go over with a big bang!

LEARN TO CONTROL OTHERS WITH YOUR MIND



**It's All In
The Know-How**

**Little
BLACK-
MAIL
Book**

Our correspondence course teaches you how to have a more forceful personality so that you can overwhelm others.

**FOR PRICE LIST AND CATALOGUE
WRITE
WIERDO BROTHERS MISHU, GA**

The latest outdoor sport practiced by New York City vandals is heaving stones and heavier missiles at passing New Haven RR trains. These attacks have become so violent that they have turned portions of the New Haven commuter line into a battleground, known as the "Murmansk Run." Last week, nine trains got through the commuter's "No Man's Land", but unfortunately, the passengers on the trains didn't.

RAILROAD NO-MAN'S LAND



This is Grand Central Information Bath calling New Haven Railroad's 4:20 Stamford Local. Come in, Stamford Local.

Hello, Grand Central Information Bath, this is 4 20 Stamford Local. I am approaching the battle zone.

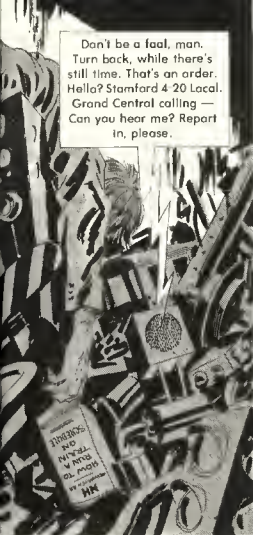
What are they throwing at you?

Everything. A heavy barrage of ground fire. I'm going to try to take her through.

STAMFORD LOCAL! STAMFORD LOCAL! TURN BACK! TURN BACK! You don't have a chance of getting through.

They've knocked out our engine. I'm going to try to make it to Mount Vernon.





Don't be a faal, man. Turn back, while there's still time. That's an order. Hello? Stamford 4 20 Local. Grand Central calling — Can you hear me? Report in, please.



Another one lost. Where will it end?

SURGERY

What's wrong, Cliff?

The 4:20 Local to Stamford — hit by heavy fire post 138th Street.

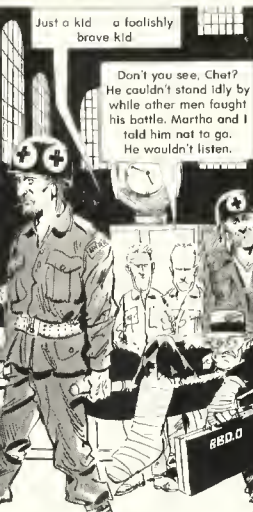


Snap out of it, Cliff, we've lost trains before.

My son was on that train.

Gary? But he was just a kid. A faalish, brave kid.

I didn't bring my kid up to be a trainman, Chet. When he reached 18, he just signed up.



Just a kid — a faalishly brave kid

Don't you see, Chet? He couldn't stand idly by while other men fought his battle. Martha and I told him not to go. He wouldn't listen.



A kid — a bravely, faalish kid

Now, we've lost that faalishly, brave — bravely faalish kid...



Pardon me, could you tell me what time the next train leaves for Mamaranek?

All right, I'll tell you... but that's not going to bring my son back.

KAMIKAZE CPA

Have you ever wondered what would have happened if the Japanese air force hired an accountant firm to study why their Kamakazi force was so costly? Of course, you have. Here is Frank Gotham of Gotham & Son. (Frank Gotham and Nat Aronson) addressing a group of high-ranking Japanese Air Force officers during World War II.

Fellas, I'm here to tell you what you're doing wrong. In the first place, it is very hard to audit your books, because you don't keep any books. I want to tell you, kiddies, you can't run an Air Force like a laundry.

I audited one mission. You sent 575 Kamikazi planes on the mission and none came back. Wouldn't you think at least *one*—maybe two—would come back? It leads me to think you have the world's worst flyers. Yes, General? You have crack pilots? You're right — they keep cracking up.

We think we found the reason for this—not enough training. I spoke to one Kamakazi pilot before take-off and he told me he had two hours training... driving a tank. I watched his take-off, he tried to make the plane go up the side of a mountain.

Another thing — the construction of your planes: I know you made them out of junk from the 3rd Avenue L Subway in New York City, but I saw one plane running on tracks. I saw one plane that was made out of an orange crate.

What, General? That was a naval plane?

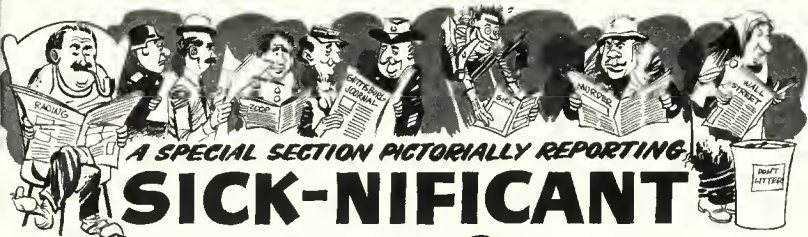


Now, as for your fight tactics. Your planes *dive* into their target. It's great for the newsreels but rough on the planes. Have you ever thought of letting your planes carry bombs? You fly *over* the target, not *into* it. It's sneaky, but remember Pearl Harbor. If you forgot so soon, I'll sing it for you.



Any questions? Yes, General Hojo? Your men want to die for the Emperor? They should live so long, sweetie.





A SPECIAL SECTION PICTORIALLY REPORTING

SICK-NIFICANT

ONE OF the big topics of the day is "lying in Government," with high Republican officials claiming that the Administration is hiding facts from the people, like: What really happened to Lyndon Johnson? and the number of Russian troops in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.



In recent weeks three top Pentagon officials offered to submit to lie detector tests and Senator Everett Dirksen (R-Ill.) had this to say about "lying in government": "The acorns of deception from which the mighty oak of doubt has sprung..." Good old Ev. He always has the right word for the right occasion. Now, you couldn't make it any plainer than that.



As for lie detector tests, they are not reliable. They only catch you in big lies, not little ones. If they ask you: who discovered America? And you answer "Akim Tamiroff," the detector will register: "DIRTY, ROTTEN LIAR." But if they ask: "Do you think Spring Byington is getting old?" And you answer: "I think that she's maturing," the lie detector will go along with you.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

George Washington invented the lie detector. He made Benedict Arnold take a loyalty oath to a lie detector and Arnold passed with flying colors. He had his fingers crossed.



Modern lie detector techniques are more exacting. Today, the first question they ask you is: "Are your fingers crossed?" Washington asked Arnold: "Are you a British spy?" Arnold said no and he was right. He was an American spy, working for the British.



Later, a lie detector trapped Arnold. He said Spring Byington was young and no lie detector is going to stand still for that. You tell that to Spring Byington and she'll call you a liar. Had he got by the Spring Byington question, Benedict Arnold would have never been caught.

Arnold was hung from a flagpole. His death is recounted in a book by the soldier who hung him. It's called "I RAISED BENEDICT ARNOLD."



General Arnold's last request was to be buried on top of Mt. Everest. The U.S. Government tried to comply with his request, but they kept losing pallbearers.

Nathan Hale was buried at sea. He wanted to save on flowers every year. Robert Fulton was buried in the Mississippi River at Kansas City, Missouri. He finally came to rest in New Orleans, Louisiana.



Talk about strange burials - Myron Cohen's grandfather and grandmother were buried in a fountain in front of their home. Myron will be buried there too, so someday there will be Three Cohens in the Fountain.



COLORED ELEPHANTS

KENYA—Elephants in Kenya are being colored pink or blue by a team of scientists so they can study the elephants' migratory habits. The teams spot the elephants from helicopters; knock out selected animals with drugged darts fired from crossbows and then paint them. The pink color indicates the elephants were found in one province and the blue indicates they are from another.

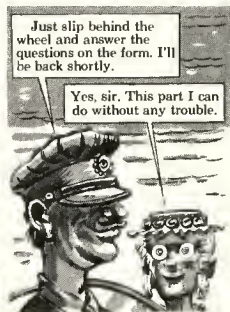
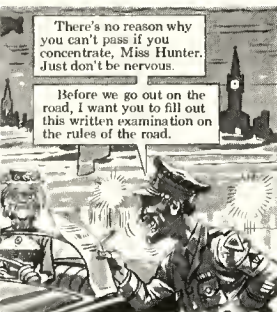
No one knows why elephants migrate. Perhaps for better jobs. We can't help wondering what this experiment is going to do to heavy drinkers in the region.

Scene: Bar in Kenya.



ROAD HAZARD

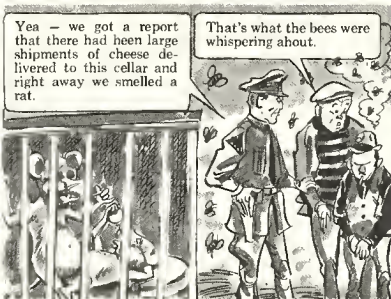
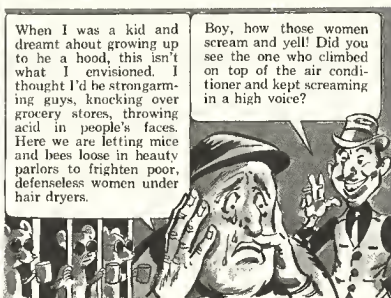
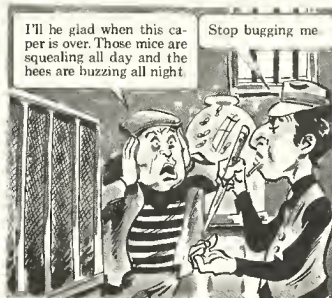
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND—Britishers here claim to have found the world's worst driver. She is Margaret Hunter, 64, who has been taking driving lessons for 25 years. She has had 42 lessons and on her last driving test she took the car about 100 yards and plowed into a truck.



Misa Hunter is reputed to be the only aspiring driver who had an accident during the rules of the road writing test.

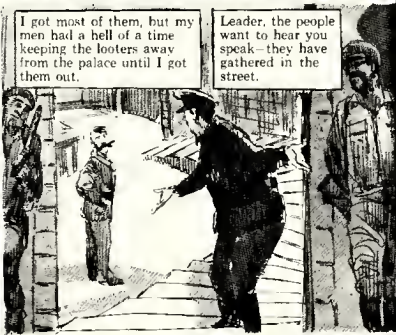
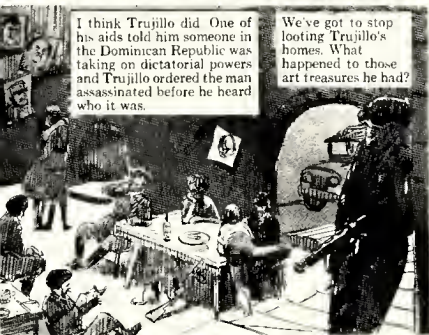
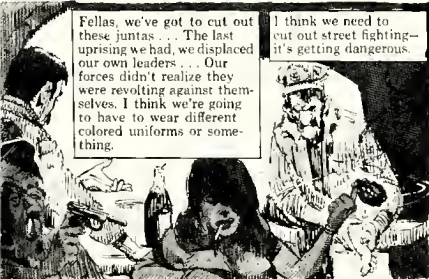
NEWS ITEM: Hoodlums used a new approach in trying to unionize 1200 Queens, N.Y. beauty shops. According to police, the hoodlums let loose mice and bees in an attempt to terrorize the beauty shops.

SCENE: Hoodlum Headquarters, Queens. Two hoods surrounded by cages of mice and bees.



DOMINICAN REPUBLIC: Latest Junta Overthrows a Junta

SCENE: Meeting of revolutionary forces in basement. Leader addresses group.



HEADLINE: SOVIET MISSION TAKES NEW QUARTERS

New York—Soviet UN mission moved to new quarters
on Park Avenue

SCENE: FRONT DOOR OF SOVIET HEADQUARTERS

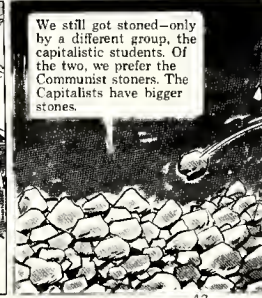
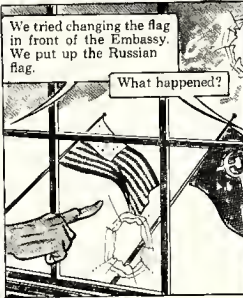
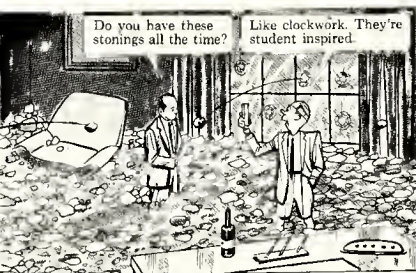
Art by Ernest Schroeder



EUROPE

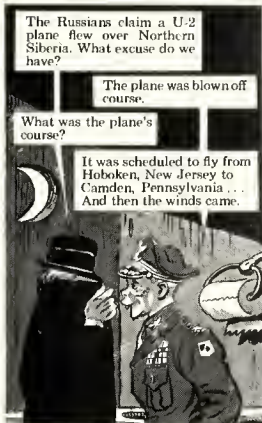
NEWS ITEM: The American Embassy in Karata, Indonesia, was stoned again today. This is the 16th time the Embassy has been stoned. No one was injured but windows were broken. The stoning was student inspired.

SCENE: A typical working day at the American Embassy. A new arrival is greeted by the U.S. Ambassador. A man on ladder is repairing the windows broken in previous stonings



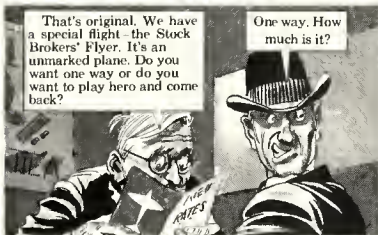
Headline: Reds Claim Another U-2 Incident

Scene: CIA Headquarters—CIA Head is talking to Air Force Colonel



HEADLINE: Financiers Escape Extradition in Brazil

Scene: Travel Agency.



NEWS ITEM. Police arrested two men in Queens for running a policy

We'd like to know how they did this —

You said the two men the police arrested posed as pilots. How did they do that?

They wore airline uniforms, always left carrying suitcases and they dated airline stewardesses... I know stewardesses only go out with pilots. They drink together in the air—

What airlines did these men say they flew for?

They said they were test pilots for an unscheduled airline. They used to tell me their flight numbers— If I had bet those numbers, I would have made a fortune. Once one of the men said he was flying flight 345. The next day I saw in the paper that Flight 345 had crashed.

How did he explain that?

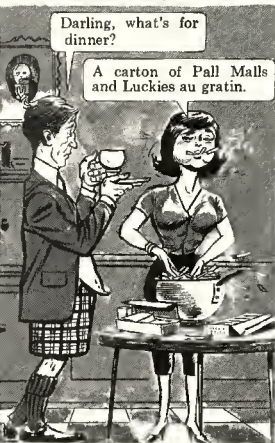


NEWS ITEM: Edinburgh—Mrs. Mary Campbell said today doctors them instead of eating them. "I started eating cigarettes months

SCENE: Campbell home —three months ago.

Darling, what's for dinner?

A carton of Pall Malls and Luckies au gratin.



That was a delicious lunch we had today — Winston sure tastes good like a cigarette should.

I'm not cooking any more filter cigarettes—the filter traps get caught in my teeth.

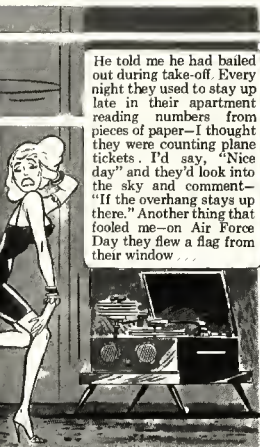


When are we going to have some more of the new cigarette — Yorks?

Soon, and have you seen how people notice what you're eating when you're eating Yorks?



racket. Their landlady said the two men had posed as airline pilots . . .



He told me he had bailed out during take-off. Every night they used to stay up late in their apartment reading numbers from pieces of paper—I thought they were counting plane tickets. I'd say, "Nice day" and they'd look into the sky and comment—"If the overhang stays up there." Another thing that fooled me—on Air Force Day they flew a flag from their window . . .

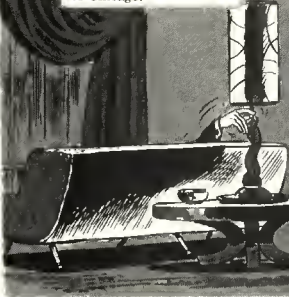
What did you say when police came to take them away?

I asked the police what they had done—they told me they had been taking bets. "On planes?" I asked. When the police took them away, they saluted me and sang, "Into the wild blue yonder."

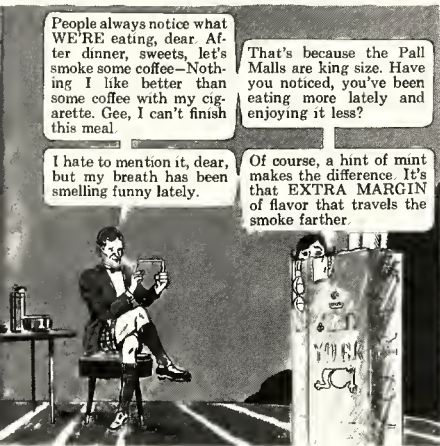


That certainly was an unusual experience—two policy makers posing as pilots.

I wasn't the only one they fooled—I understand they flew four passenger planes to Chicago.



cured her of her special craving for cigarettes—she now smokes ago. I was eating as much as 100 a day," Mrs. Campbell stated.

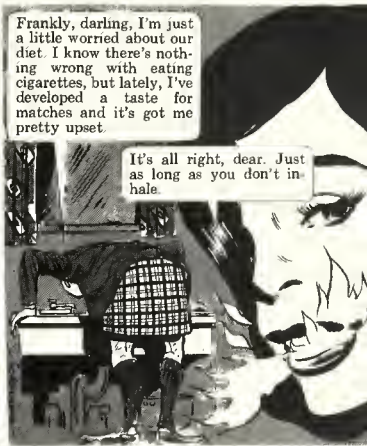


People always notice what WE'RE eating, dear. After dinner, sweets, let's smoke some coffee—Nothing I like better than some coffee with my cigarette. Gee, I can't finish this meal.

I hate to mention it, dear, but my breath has been smelling funny lately.

That's because the Pall Malls are king size. Have you noticed, you've been eating more lately and enjoying it less?

Of course, a hint of mint makes the difference. It's that EXTRA MARGIN of flavor that travels the smoke farther.



Frankly, darling, I'm just a little worried about our diet. I know there's nothing wrong with eating cigarettes, but lately, I've developed a taste for matches and it's got me pretty upset.

It's all right, dear. Just as long as you don't inhale.

LEFTOVER ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

During the past campaign, one of the candidates missed no opportunity to demonstrate his horsemanship. It was a wild sight seeing him galloping a spirited steed, silver mounted saddle and gaudy trappings onto an Indian reservation to deliver a speech.

"As I rode up over the horizon yonder," he bellowed, "I saw squaws washing clothes by the riverside, pummeling them on rocks even as your ancestors did. I intend to see an electric washing machine installed in every teepee."

The Indians broke into loud cries of "Groovah, groovah!"

The candidate beamed and continued. "And I see that your roads are nothing but mudholes. Well, I shall see that new concrete roads are built."

"Again the Indians shouted, 'Groovah, groovah!'"

The candidate broke into his broadest grin and soared to a climax. "If elected I intend to see that your noble Chief drives a limousine as big as mine and a new car is parked in front of every wigwam."

He bowed, while the Indians roared out their mightiest "Groovah" and the Chief stepped forward to present a war bonnet to the jubilant horseman. As the candidate prepared to dismount, the Chief suddenly cried out. "Be careful, sir. Don't step in the groovah."

.....
A Banker had a secret love and you know how tough it is to keep a secret...

.....
Peter Lorre, late film actor recently exhumed by a Satanic Cult in Oklahoma, said he will resume picture making in two months. Lorre wants to go to Palm Springs for a rest and to get the color back into his cheeks. He told reporters that death agreed with him.

.....
Guv in desert walks miles and miles across the barren wasteland until he comes to a sign that reads: "Don't litter."

W Sick Sick Sick I d

THE APE WOMAN

The sick movie of this year is *THE APE WOMAN*. This is the story of a woman who is covered from head to foot with long, brown hair. Her boyfriend, a greedy young punk, puts her in a show and cleans up. That is, cleans up everything but the Ape Woman. She's her dirty, hairy self all through the movie.

The hairy one goes ape over her trainer-boyfriend, and he finally has to marry her to keep her from running away with an ape, a former NASA missile test pilot, with wires taped all over his body.

Who would want an ape woman for a wife? Nobody in his right mind, unless it's an ape man, or a greedy young punk. So the trainer (*as we said, played by a greedy young punk*) hustles her off to Paris (you knew this was a foreign movie) and hustles her an act in a nightclub as a stripper. She's billed as "The Hairy Angel."

The freak has never been so happy. But can happiness last? That's the question. You can tell, because there's the a question mark at the end of the sentence.

Next the Ape Woman is preg-



The Ape Woman sent us her family album. She's proud of her family just like everyone else. Here's her baby picture.

nant. The greedy little punk says philosophically: "Maybe the baby will be a monster too. Then we can use it in the act." I told you he was a greedy little punk. I wonder why he didn't accuse the Ape Woman of running around?

You would think that with all this—the wedding, the baby, the show a big success, beautiful eyelashes—that all this would make a happy picture. But the Ape Woman dies in childbirth. The greedy fat (he's been eating well, the show is sold out) punk puts the body on display.

What a plot. It's hard to tell the people from the beast in this one. We'd like to rap that greedy young punk in the month.

Next to the Ape Woman, our favorite pin-up is Jo Bob Gormont. She's sick from eating too much, but she's not as sick as the man she sat on, Jo Bob, 56-56-56, who weighs 750 pounds (*we changed Jo Bob's name and added a few hundred pounds to her weight so she can't sue SICK if she doesn't like this story*) and lives in Sarghnum, Texas, if that's possible.

During a party at Jo Bob's house, a male friend jumped through a glass picture window. Don't think he was just drunk. He had his reasons. He bet he could jump through the window without breaking the glass. He lost. The glass broke on both sides.

Now fat folks are usually happy.

but breaking that window gave Jo Bob a pain. She managed to get her fat fingers around the telephone, and using a pencil to dial, called the police.

Then she sat on the friend, who weighed 105 pounds, until the police arrived. Fat chance he'd be able to get away.

The courts made him pay for the broken window. Moral: Stoned people shouldn't throw themselves through glass houses.

We all have our troubles. I've already told you about the Ape Woman. Dogs aren't much better off, but in a way they are. They can't read this and they have hospitals better equipped than most

more on next page

By Jim Atkins

An Embassy Pictures release



Growing up was fun. The Ape Woman says she always wanted to be a peeler. Here she practices peeling a banana.



But life was not all a bowl of sliced bananas. Into each life some rain must fall. During the monsoons of 1964 more than rain fell into the Ape Woman's life. Her brother fell down. He slipped on a banana peel.



Here's the Ape Woman's engagement picture. A girl must protect her skin from the sun. She uses banana oil on her skin.



This is the wedding. They'd make a lovely couple, if it weren't for both of them. You can spot the groom (he's the greasy young punk.) He's the one who doesn't need a shave.



The Ape Woman said this is her favorite portrait. When she sent us this one, she said please don't try to be sharp and use that old gag: "I get more shaves from beep-beep, than from any other blade." So we won't use it.



Here they have their first fight. Into every life some rain must fall. Into the couple's first home a lot of rain fell. The roof leaked. The Ape Woman got mad and told the greasy young drip he was getting into her hair.



The final message from the Ape Woman to us was: "A final message... please don't end the captions to my family album with that old joke—hair today, gone tomorrow." We couldn't figure any way to use that old joke, so we didn't.

we send a lot of sick people to. Dogs need them. They catch all of the diseases humans have. Doesn't that make you sick? Jo Bob writes she never felt better, and is going on a diet to lose 200 pounds.

Back to the real dogs, some veterinary hospitals have blood banks and 24-hour emergency service. Others can check dogs for diabetes and analyze spinal fluids. As a result of this and a lot more stuff, the life expectancy of dogs has been doubled in the past 20 years. That's twice as much as it was 20 years ago.

Perhaps if the ape woman had been taken to a vet, she would be alive today.

Teenagers in Britain, questioned during a survey to find out why they smoked, said they did it to stunt their growth so they could be jockeys. Too bad Jo Bob didn't think of that.

The newest organization is: *The United Nonjoiners For the Use of Creative Kinetic Energy to Resist the System.*

Some people are sicker than others. Otherwise there would be no average amount of sickness for us and we'd all be sick the same amount. But, I'm talking about sick people. The sort of people who would use *sort*, instead of *kind*, when talking about types of people. Yes, the sort of people who would

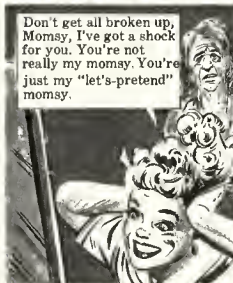
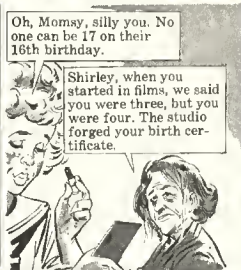
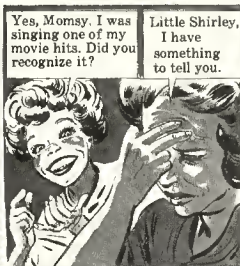
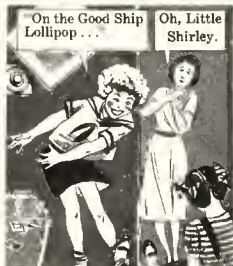
steal the Ape Woman's shampoo, or who would laugh at her when she slipped on a banana peel she was trying to eat. Or who wouldn't give a drowning man a glass of water if he were starving to death.

A Brooklyn mailman was shot by a sniper in New York. He went to the nearby office of a doctor and asked for help. The doctor told the sniper victim he was an expert in diagnosis, and didn't have the instruments needed to treat a bullet wound. He sent him to another doctor a couple of miles away.

Now I know why the Ape Woman died. She was sick.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

HOLLYWOOD - Shirley Temple, while celebrating her 35th birthday, revealed that she didn't enter movies at the age of three, but four. She didn't find out until she was 16 - uh, 17.



Dear SICKies:

In one of your issues you had an article entitled "The Teach" in which you gave instructions on "How to Rob a Bank." I followed those instructions to the letter and I want to know what went wrong?

Roger Fayth
Inmate 436529
Leavenworth State Prison
Leavenworth, Illinois

THE TEACH RIDES AGAIN

We don't know what went wrong but in this issue THE TEACH is back and this time he is giving a more practical lecture on bank robbing—he is planning a new heist with a group of his accomplices. Let's listen—

Okay, men, let's call the meeting to order. Is everyone here? Ringo Levy, Mabel, Louie, Fink, hey, wait a minute, who's this guy? I've never seen you at meetings before? What's that, Louie? Oh, he's a friend of yours—he wants to sit in; he's never seen a bank robbery planned before... All right, he can stay... but he can't vote!

In a few minutes, I'm handing out copies of the plan. Yes, Louie, we have an extra copy for your friend. And, Louie, when you drive the getaway car in front of the bank, don't honk the horn like the last time. We'll recognize the car. If you can't find a parking space, cruise around—don't put the car in a lot.

Our last job was a mess. No one carried out his assignment. The fact that the robbery was a complete success can only be attributed to two things; lousy police work and that timely eclipse of the sun that covered our escape. We can't count on breaks like that this time.

To avoid being recognized, we'll all be wearing false mustaches as a disguise. Come to think of it, Mabel, you better shave yours. And shave those sideburns, too.



The rest of us will silence the burglar alarm. Last time, Fink had a fool-proof plan for silencing the alarm. Unfortunately, by Fink's plan we were all left locked inside the vault. Yes, I know, Fink, it all turned out all right — the eclipse saved us. By my new plan we LET them set the alarm off — all right, all right, no one is going to hear it. Because we're all going to be making a lot of noise to drown out the alarm.

Now, Gorlitz, I want you to pick up the money. This time, don't bog yourself down with calendars. No, Louie, there won't be time for you to ask about a loan.



This plan is timed to the split second. Now synchronize your watches. It is now exactly 10:15 A.M. Fink, that's when Dick Tracy's hand is at ten and his finger points to five. What's that, Mabel? You've got 10:23? That's close enough. You've got 10:11, Gorlitz? All right, let's take a vote on the time. How many for 10:15? One, two, three, four — no, no, remember we said YOU can't vote. I thought Louie explained that to you. Keep your copy of the plan — just don't vote.

Now, for division of the money. By my plan we're not going to divide the money. My play is to steal 150 grand and hold it for ransom. Let me tell you, they'll pay a pretty penny to get that money back.



Let's trace our escape; we leave the bank through the kosher delicatessen, past the penny arcade and down the abandoned elevator shaft. The car goes into the pick-up truck. At 49th Street the pick-up truck goes into the panel truck, the panel truck drives up the ramp into the quarter ton van on 56th Street; then we take the van to the Hudson Street Pier and load it onto the Dutch freighter. Now, does anyone remember how we got the Dutch freighter into the helicopter the last time?



All right, is the plan clear — the escape firmly implanted in everybody's mind? That's right — through the kosher delicatessen, past the penny arcade and down the abandoned elevator shaft. Men, this is a perfectly conceived, perfectly timed bank robbery. Now, all we have to do is find a bank that fits it. Does anyone here know of a bank located next to a kosher delicatessen, near a penny arcade, leading to an abandoned elevator shaft?



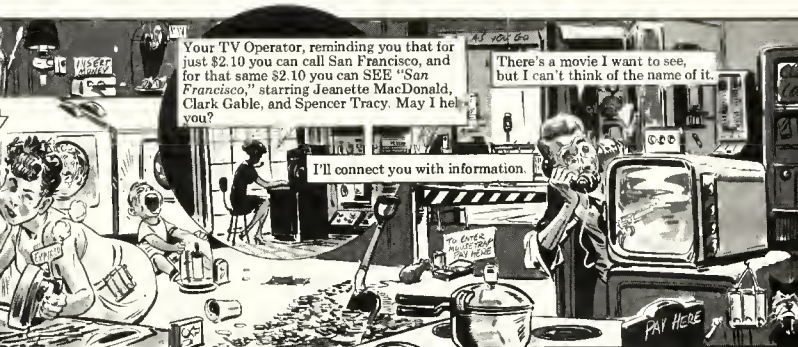
What's that, Gorlitz? You know a bank next to a meat market? They sell ham? No good — that's not kosher.



PHONE TV

Pay television is on the way. Several methods have been proposed for bringing Pay TV into your homes. One suggestion is to have a coin box on top of the television set. Of course, there is one manufacturer who suggests a little television set on top of a coin box.

Most likely the future viewer of Pay TV will use his home phone to request the program of his choice — and you know what this could lead to:



TV Information, informing you that now you can start your own drive-in theater with just a large TV set and a parking lot.



I'm trying to find a movie—I think Hepburn stars in it.



Do you have a first name?



Audrey.



Will you make a note of this, please—I have a listing for a Katherine Hepburn in "Summertime" and an Audrey Hepburn in "Funnyface." They are both Technicolor movies.



That's all right, I have a color phone.



I hope you also have a wide screen, they're both in Cine mascope.



What else do you have?



Don't you have any comedies? How about "War and Peace"?

Sorry, wa don't have that.

You don't? It's in the phone book.

Are you calling from a pay phone?

How would I watch "War and Peace" in a pay phone? "Marty," maybe...

"War and Peace" is playing in San Francisco tonight.

Then, gat me San Francisco.

Certainly, "San Francisco" stars Jeannette MacDonald, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy.

No, opers tor, I want the city.

We have "Naked City," "Cry of the City" and "The City That Never Sleeps."

The city of San Francisco, California.

Person to person?

Of course not, I can get that on free TV.

Then, how about "The Great Train Robbery." That's station to station.

It's also over thirty years old. Are you trying to give me the business?

I'll connect you with the Business Office.

TV Business Office—"There's no business like show business," starring Eddie Cantor, Constance Moore and George Murphy..

I didn't want the business office, but as long as you're on, I've got a bill here charging me for "God Created Woman" 12 times—no one in the house ever ordered that film.

Do you have any children?

Yes—a six-year-old son.

Will you ask him if he ordered "God Created Woman"?

I can't—he locked himself in the garage two days ago with the girl next door... I also think there's something wrong with my set. Last night I wanted to watch "Johnny Eager" and my wife wanted to see "Make Mine Manhattan" on her set. Something went wrong—my wife had Johnny Eager in her bedroom all night.

BOSS MAN

BILL FICE #13

HOME FREE

I don't have that listing. Can wa show you "The Apartment"?

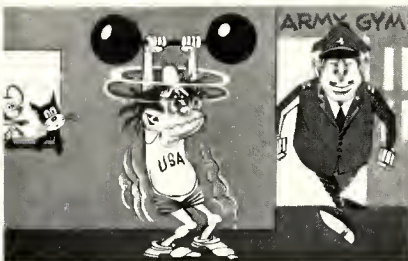
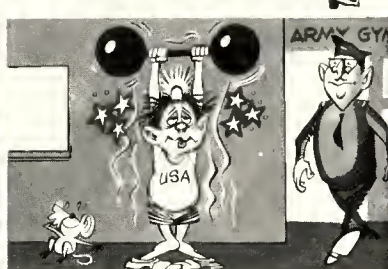
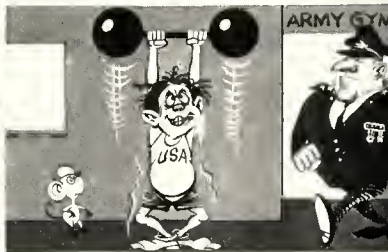
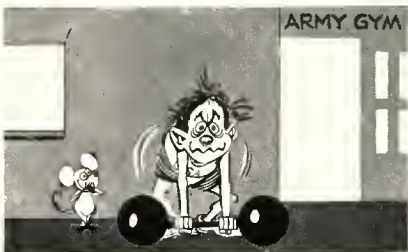
I give up. Ethel, I'm going to call Larry and Brenda and ask them over for bridge.

May I help you?

Operator, I'm trying to get the Gorletz Home in Brooklyn.

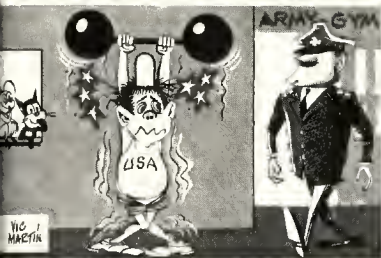
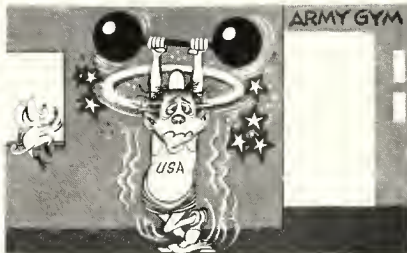
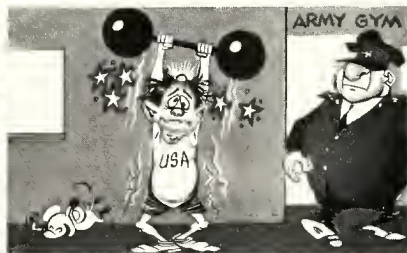
Can you tell me who stars in it?

HUCKLEBERRY FINK IN THE ARMY





by Vic Martin



With Madison Avenue advertising techniques increasing sales all over the country people are beginning to become aware of the enormous power of advertising. And since today, with the tendency towards conformity, people are struggling to retain their individuality. The only way to do this is by advertising yourself—making yourself known so you don't remain obscure in the background. A good way to do this is to follow the popular ads and put these posters in conspicuous places of your neighborhood, as you...

ADVERTISE Yourself

When you want to go someplace—LET US TAKE YOU!

ANGIE THE HACKMAN

FRIENDLY CAB COMPANY
(Also Hostile Cabs, Passionate Cabs, Etc.)

FEATURING A NEW TYPE CAB

Press a button and door opens—
then you get out and take a bus!



BRIGHT CONVERSATION WHILE YOU DRIVE
OUR MOTTO "Don't Stand In Our Way!"

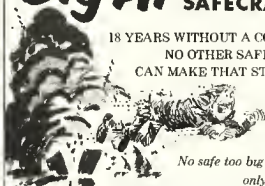
Art by Angelo Torres

Don't be HALF-SAFE!

SAFECRACKERS WHO KNOW PREFER...

Big Al THE SAFECRACKER

18 YEARS WITHOUT A CONVICTION
NO OTHER SAFECRACKER
CAN MAKE THAT STATEMENT!



No safe too big or too small
only too empty!

YOU CAN BE SURE IF IT'S "BIG AL"
Recommended by The Mafia

Script by Paul Laikin

DOES SHE OR DOESN'T SHE?

only her roommate knows for sure!



Miss Claire Erle

THE TOWN'S PROFESSIONAL BLIND DATE
The Best Friend Your Friend Has Ever Had

Cooks, Sews, Cleans, Speaks 5 Languages, Has Job.
Sorry! No Necking Until 3rd Date *NI 9-2384 (after 6)

CLEAN GOVERNMENT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

Elect Honest John Smedley



FOR THE SAME GRAFT AND CORRUPTION
YOU'VE BEEN GETTING

**GET HIM OFF
THE RELIEF ROLES!**

Don't just coll ANY Cop!

The next time you're in trouble coll

FELIX the COP

SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD



14 YEARS OF LAW AND ORDER ON THE WEST SIDE
ON OR OFF DUTY,

**THE FINEST POLICEMAN
THAT MONEY CAN BUY!**

No matter where the crime is committed holler for FELIX
AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD POLICE STATION —

NO TICKEE? STILL GET WASHEE!
WHEN YOU BRINGEE YOUR SHIRTSEE TO

WONG'S HAND LAUNDRY

(Also Wash Feet, Neck and Back of Ears)

THE BEST FRIEND YOUR SHORTS HAVE EVER HAD!



SAME DAY SERVICE

You bring your laundry in December 1, 1964
And you get same back on December 1, 1965

SPECIAL RATES FOR WOOLEN SPATS

SHIRTS IRONED WHILE YOU WAIT
(You Get Nice Sunburn That Way)

Let ME keep your books...

(I promise to return them)

SELMA The BOOKKEEPER

(Formerly Selma The File-Clerk)

The next time you're bothered
by messy accounts payable,
greasy petty cash and
dusty general ledgers
just coll on Selma.



You'll feel perfectly in balance when you do.
(comes with own pencils and washroom key)

You haven't had your molars out —
till they've been taken out by...

DENZIL the DENTIST

Leading a Hand To-Mouth Existence For Fifteen Years



GUARANTEED NOT TO GET ON YOUR NERVES

Come in for a checkup today. If you
haven't got a cavity we'll give you one!

SPECIAL FEATURES

**4 COLOR X-RAY PICTURES...
EXHORBITANT PRICES...**

As long as you're going crazy,
you might as well go crazy with...

Dr. Kropotkin

The Painless Psychoanalyst



CONFLICTS
WHILE YOU WAIT

GETS DEEP INSIDE YOUR PSYCHE AREAS
WHERE THE REAL TROUBLE LIES

WORKS TWICE AS FAST AS MILTOWN TO RELIEVE
MENTAL IRREGULARITY

For mildness to your Id without upsetting your Libido
ask for DR. KROPOTKIN today!

Don't take any Waiter!
Insist on

MAXIE THE WAITER

"Service With A Laugh"



ACTS TWICE AS FAST AS ANY OTHER WAITER

Shinier Silverware • Cleaner Plates
• Juicier Pickles • Bigger Tips

The next time you're at the Rialto Delicatessen

SIT AT A MAXIE TABLE

(Left rear near garbage pails)

You haven't lived until you've
been buried by

WALDO

"The Undertaker's Undertaker"



Air-Conditioned
CASKETS

LARGE AND ROOMY
BUILT FOR COMFORT

SPECIAL
HUMOROUS
EULOGIES
FURNISHED
at slight
additional charge

NEVER A DISSATISFIED CUSTOMER
BACK TO COMPLAIN

COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR YOUR BODY BACK

Why wait till the last minute? Call Today!
DIE NOW — PAY LATER!

"I dreamed I cleaned house
in my maid-in-torn apron!"

LET

Clarice

THE MAID

DO YOUR DIRTY WORK!

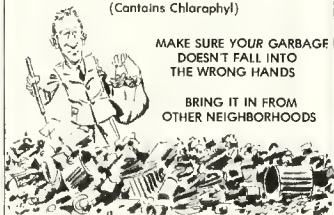


Ideal for dusty venetians, dirty floors,
greasy furniture and wolfish husbands.

Approved By Good Housekeepers

Nobody picks up gorboge like
SEYMOUR
THE GARBAGEMAN

"The Garbageman's Garbageman"
 (Contains Chloraphyl)



MAKE SURE YOUR GARBAGE
 DOESN'T FALL INTO
 THE WRONG HANDS

BRING IT IN FROM
 OTHER NEIGHBORHOODS

The discriminating garbage throwers all wait for SEYMOUR

42 YEARS IN THE BUSINESS 42

He Talks, Sleeps & Eats Garbage!

NICKIE the BOOKIE

ANNOUNCES HE HAS MOVED
 TO LARGER QUARTERS
 now conveniently located on the
 Northeast Corner of South Street

PLACE YOUR BETS HERE

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

Specialist in
 Horse Races,
 Ball Games,
 Cock Fights,
 Elections,
 Wars, Etc.

PHONE: TW 9-925B

(it's a candy store but they call to the phone)

REMEMBER:

Nickie Pays Good—Like A Good Bookie Should!

**BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
 THRU BETTING HORSES**

(Please Do Not Tell The Cops You Saw This Ad)



So free and easy on your throat...
SAM the BARBER
 (Formerly SAM THE BUTCHER)

The best friend your head has ever had!



SHAVES WHILE YOU WAIT
 THE HOTTEST TOWEL IN TOWN
 LIGHT, GAY, CLEAN CONVERSATION

(Sorry, no politics!)

BRING IN YOUR HEAD TODAY FOR A FREE ESTIMATE

HIS MASTER'S VOICE
ALEX
 THE "I-CASH-CLOTHES" MAN



ANSWER WHEN HE HOLLERS UP
 ...YOU'LL BE SO-O-O GLAD YOU DID!
 (Please Tell Your Friends About This Ad)

The NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV STORY

Art—Dick Doxsee

HOLLYWOOD

ONCE AGAIN SICK TAKES YOU TO THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF BLACKJACK PRODUCTIONS WHERE PRODUCER IRVING IRVING IS HOLDING A STORY CONFERENCE ON HIS LATEST PROJECT.



Georgie, dumping, before we begin, I want our team to introduce themselves.

Our director—

Our screenwriter—

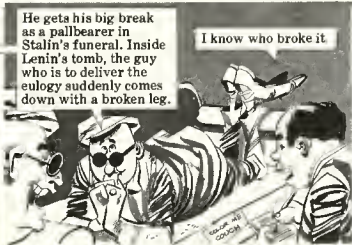
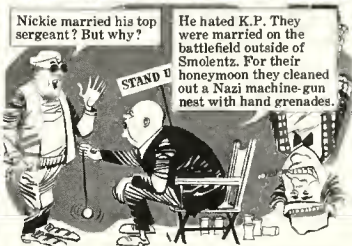
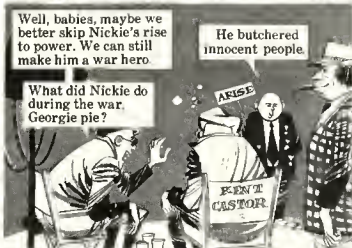
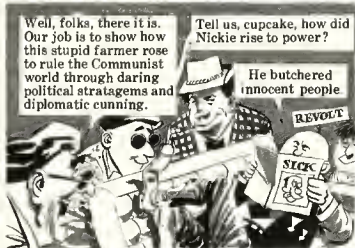
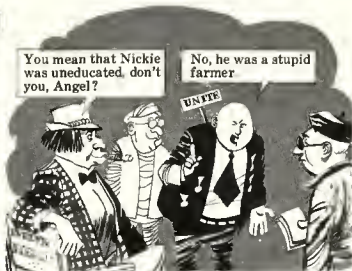
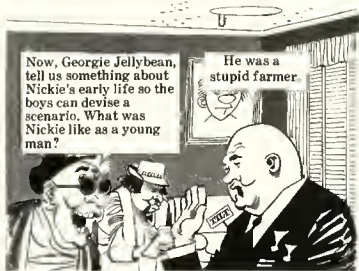
Our costume consultant and make-up man—

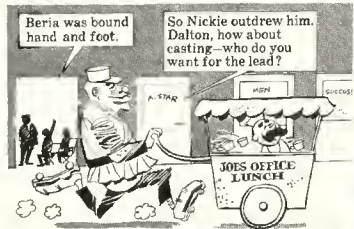
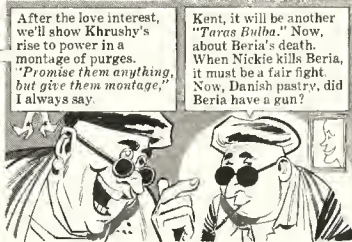
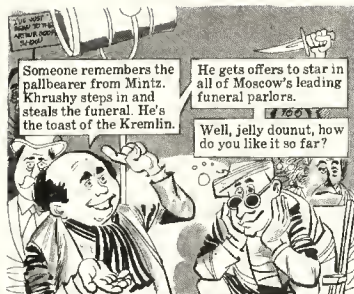
Dalton Cram who made the immortal Jeanne Engels

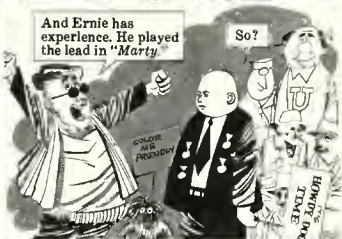
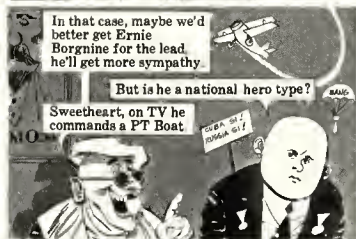
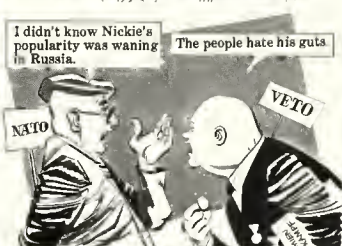
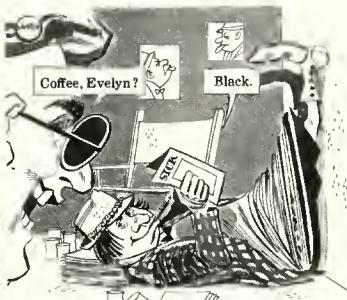
Kent Castor of "Mildred Pierce" fame.

Evelyn Head—"Helena Rubenstein."









With television today suffering from an overwhelming burden of trite programming, the voluntary cancellation of the Dick Van Dyke Show becomes a tragedy that we refuse to take lying

down. Therefore, as a public service, we are going to do one more episode. This then, is our trite version of the greatest comedy show ever to grace the TV scene —

The DUCK VAN DYKE SHOW

Art by Angelo Torres Script by Calvin Castine





All right, gang, what do you say we get right down to business?

This plot is beginning to drag

What plot?



Today I get the couch!

Look here, Robb. Just because you're four feet taller than I am, doesn't mean that you're gonna start ordering me around.

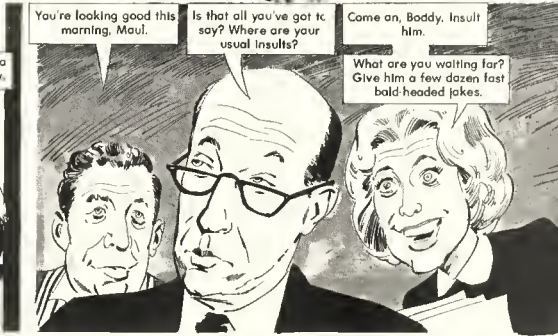
Yeh, who do you think you are?



This is my show, and I say I get the couch.

Bobbl Robbl I've got to talk to you right away.

Oh, good morning, Maul.

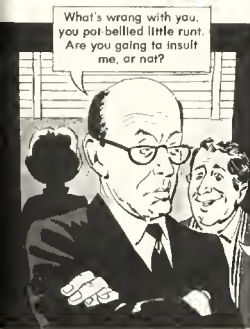


You're looking good this morning, Maul.

Is that all you've got to say? Where are your usual insults?

Come on, Boddy. Insult him.

What are you waiting for? Give him a few dozen last bald-headed jokes.

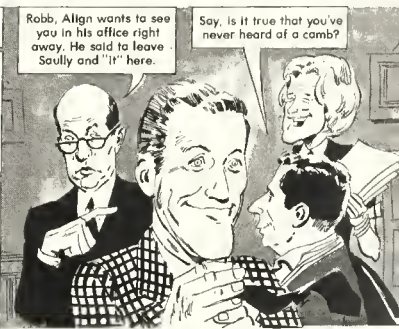


What's wrong with you, you pot-bellied little runt. Are you going to insult me, or not?

Sorry, fellows, but I'm all out of bald-headed jokes.

In the five years we've been on, I've used over 70,000 bald-headed jokes. And now, I've finally run out. Why don't you get fat or something? I've got a million fat-man jokes that I'm dying to use.

Wait! I've got one! I've heard of people parting their hair in the middle, but this is ridiculous. Hey! From the top, you look like a walking egg. You don't use your head for anything else, why don't you grow a garden or something up there?



Robb, Align wants to see you in his office right away. He said to leave Saully and "it" here.

Say, is it true that you've never heard of a camb?

You'd better hurry, Robb. Align sounded mad.

I'm on my way.

And, all I've got to say to you is, 'Yecchi!'

Hey! That's a pretty funny line. You'd probably make a great comedian. Have you ever considered working for a living?

Oh, Robb, come in. I was just admiring the world's funniest and handsomest comedian—Mel.

Sit down, Robb. Yes, sir.

I'm not going to beat around the bush, Robb. I'm going to get right to the point. You know I'm not the kind of fellow who wastes time. Isn't that right, Robb.

Yes, sir.

I've always considered myself a good boss to work for. Wouldn't you agree, Robb?

Yes, sir.

Robb, do you consider yourself a 'yes-man'?

Yes, sir....Uh, I mean No, sir....I mean....

You're beginning to sound more like Maul every day.

I resent that! You can't talk to me like that. I know my rights! I'm not going to stand for this any longer. I quit!

You're doing the big blow-up bit way ahead of schedule, Robb. I haven't even got to the good part o' my speech yet.

And he should know because he's secretly mild-mannered. Carl Reiner, writer of this show.

What is it dear? You're home early from the office.

I just quit. Boy, that Alan Broiny makes me mad. I've never seen such an egotistical man. Unless it's Carl Reiner.

Laurell Hey, Laurell

Is that you, Melae?

Oh, hi, Robb. You're still home. Don't you think you'd better get to the office? It's getting pretty late.

I've already been to the office

Really! Did Align give you that raise?

What raise?

Well, I sent Align Brainy a dozen letters, saying what a great comedy writer you are, and that without you, he'd be nothing.

You what!!!

Did I do something wrong?

You wrote a dozen letters like that to a man with Align Brainy's ego, and you ask if you did something wrong? If you were a man, Melee, I'd punch you right in the nose.

You can't talk to me like that! Put 'em up! Come on, put 'em up!

Don't run away from me! Fight like a man.

Robbi

Hey daddy. Did you bring me anything? Huh? Didja? What'd you bring me, daddy? Huh? What'd you bring me?

Will you get to heck off my head!!?

POW!

Daggonne it. That's the fifteenth black eye he's given me this year.

Our topic today is success. You won't be very successful if you sit around reading humor books. But success is many things to many people...mostly nonexistent. Today I will teach you how to be successful by following my special Successful methods.

It was the Duke of Wellington who said: "The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing Fields of Eton." Now I don't know what that means, but you'll have to admit it's a good quote.

Perhaps we can say that you learn to be successful in life through playing winning sports. Well, Joe Namath would surely agree with you. He got a job making \$400,000 right after graduating from college. This shows you the value of a good education.

Lots of people, mainly stupid luncheon speakers who talk about the team and glory, tell the same sort of story. And let's face it, those who are good athletes are usually successful.

Only the speakers always have it backwards. Who would want to work if he could be an athlete, and travel over the world, get chased by girls, go to parties, and listen to people cheer?

For example, I know one man who worked 18 hours a day until he was 45 and made a million dollars. Then he spent his life playing tennis in a tennis court he built in his backyard, Delaware. Delaware was not where his home was, it was his backyard. But he only lived a year. He should have played tennis until he was 40 and then retired to enjoy his stocks and blonds.

Here's some advice. First of all, you have to know how to dress properly. You must look successful. Do you think Gussie Moran would have made it if she hadn't known what clothes to wear? Success is a way of life. If you are a successful humor writer you can be a successful tennis bum, or a stock salesman, or a stock boy. Now, if you're Gussie Moran you can't be a successful stock boy. But you can't have everything.

Mark Caine in *The S-Man, A Grammar of Success*, by Mark Caine, says that eccentricity is a useful ticket to most people who want to get attention and to be successful. But he warns: "Beware of being like the man who went to a fancy dress ball as a rabbit and then had to eat lettuce all evening; it is one thing to go as a rabbit; it is another to turn into one."

**HUCKLEBERRY FINK
ON
\$UCCESS\$**

Mets

37

13

Script by Jim Atkins

Art by Angelo Torres

68

There has been much concern lately over the so-called truth-in-packaging bill which Congress wants to pass to protect the housewife from being misled when she buys food in supermarkets. Naturally, the big majority of the food companies are bothered by this, but they needn't really worry since they follow all the rules anyway. However, there are those fly-by-night sharpie groups who are being bedeviled by the impending legislation. Let's see how they intend to combat the Congressional measure.

THE PACKAGERS

[Scene: The conference room of the Peccancy and Purlain Packagers Association on Madison Avenue. Seated around a box top shaped table are the four officers in charge of Putting Food in Packages in a Highly Deceptive Manner, one, left to right, Messrs. Grovedink, Smonster, Crelly and Bloomsner.]

SCRIPT BY BILL MAJESKI



How about this? If Jahn had two apples and he gave Mary one apple and Mary sold the apple together with a peach at 3 for a dime, how much would...

Will someone shut that clown up? How the hell can we plot with that idiot mumbling like that?

Don't look at me. He's not MY brother-in-law.

Never mind. What have we got lined up so far, Smanser?



Half-filled salt boxes, cereal boxes, soap pad boxes and a gem of a biscuit box that's only one-third filled.

What about labeling?

We have Large, Extra Large, Super Large, Super Extra Large, Colossal Economy Size, Super-Economy Size, Money-Saving Super Extra, Large-Large, Extra Large-Big and Tremendous!

I've got something that sings. A pre-cooked ham tin in the shape of a woman.



And...it lights up in the dark in case the man wants a midnight snack.



Speaking of that, did I
ever tell you about that
redhead I met in Dayton?

Enough of that. Do I talk
about your wife?



Sorry. I forgot you
married that chick. Sorry.

Who isn't? But back to
business. Bloomsner,
you've contributed
nothing but insipid
murmurings. Have you
got anything helpful to
warrant your salary?

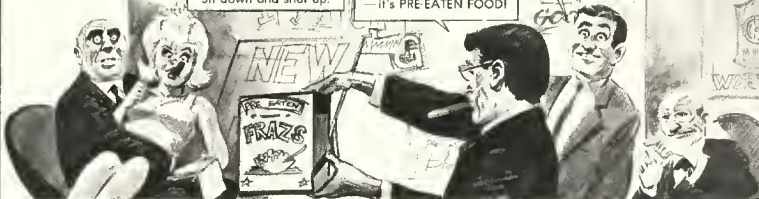


Only the greatest. Look.

You're an idiot, pal. It's
an empty box of cereal.
Sit down and shut up.

Give me a chance. Look
at the pitch we make!
The fast-life factor.
The hurry-up syndrome.
This retails for 39 cents
—it's PRE EATEN FOOD!

Dammit, he's got it!



Bloomsner, you've opened
new horizons. You're
the Magellan of super-
market shelves.

Let's all go over to
Borney's for a round of
Old Gorbardine and the
drinks are on me.
Doubles! Er, sorry... I
mean Giant, Jumbo,
Extra-Large Economy
Size!

If Jahn had two apples
and he gave Mary one
apple and Mary sold the
apple together with a
peach at 3 for a dime,
how much would...



It is revealed that 93.1% of all network programs are owned or controlled by networks—which is a lot of power in one place, and we suspect that there is more to this than meets the eye. With such enormous influence at its disposal, we imagine that a new show might be formulated in this manner, with the background music softly playing.



MY TIME IS PRIME TIME

Gosh, Flock I didn't realize we controlled so much programming until I read it right here in the newspaper.

It sure gives a man a good feeling to know that all the people out there trust our impeccable taste, flawless artistry, and our genius for pleasing them.

You're beautiful, JA, and you have a beautiful philosophy.

Now let's get on with the script for the new show, Flock, and I think we got a winner.

I gave the writer some suggestions as to the format, and he came up with some foolish ideas—which I improved on, of course.



Now I got a hot idea on this one. CBS is running a 20.8 Nielsen on account of the papers say they did it with Cinderello. Leading by a nose, they say—

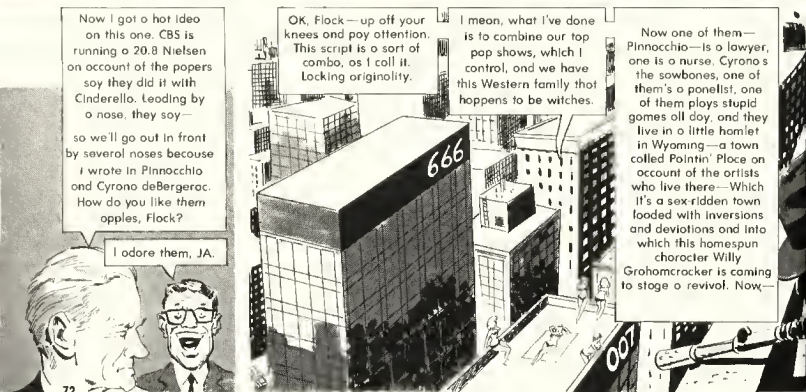
so we'll go out in front by several noses because I wrote in Pinnocchio and Cyrono deBergerac. How do you like them apples, Flock?

I adore them, JA.

OK, Flock—up off your knees and pay attention. This script is a sort of combo, as I call it. Lacking originality.

I mean, what I've done is to combine our top pop shows, which I control, and we have this Western family that happens to be witches.

Now one of them—Pinnocchio—is a lawyer, one is a nurse, Cyrono is the sowbones, one of them's a ponellist, one of them plays stupid games all day, and they live in a little hamlet in Wyoming—a town called Pointin' Place on account of the artists who live there—Which it's a sex-ridden town loaded with inversions and deviations and into which this homespun character Willy Grohomcrocker is coming to stage a revival. Now—



But what's the premise?
The theme? The story
line?

You've forgotten, Flock
—this is TV. You want
everything?



Be my humble pardon,
sir. What does the
sponsor think of your
masterpiece?

They're due here any
minute—not that their
opinion will have any
bearing on the matter,
but—this is a democracy
they say—actually, it's
a federal republic—
and every man in this
business is entitled to
my opinion.



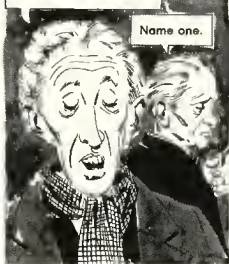
Mr. Garish and Mr.
Potboill sir

Don't take off your coats,
gentlemen. You won't
be here that long. You've
read the script?

I certainly did, and as
the writer, I take ex-
ception to quite a few
things.

Name one.

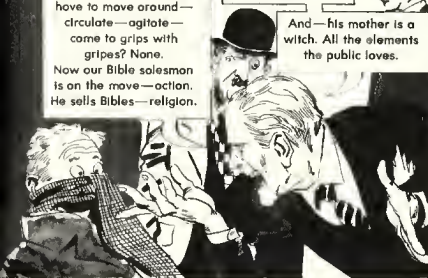
I originally had as the
protagonist a stern
lawman in conflict with
deep emotions—that's
Dan Dauntless—and I
see you've changed him
to a Bible salesman
who's in love with his
Peugeot. Now I ask you—



And I'll answer you,
Potboill. Just what chance
does a lousy cowpoke
have to move around—
circulate—agitate—
come to grips with
grips? None.
Now our Bible salesman
is on the move—action.
He sells Bibles—religion.

He loves his car—a
salute to the auto
industry.

And—his mother is a
witch. All the elements
the public loves.



I notice that in the
casting you've substituted
one Melodie Dabchick
for Ave Gardintere, the
sultry practitioner of
block magic. Who's this
Dabchick chick?

My sister-in-law. Any
objections?



Can she act? No.

Dance? No.

Sing? No.

Recite? No.

Do judo?
Crochet? No.

Then what in heaven's
name—

Because she wonted in,
and I control 93.1% of
all the prime time—
known as take what
we give you—or else.

This is on outrage! I'll
go to another network.

The other two webs
control the same time,
sir—
and have you read your
contract? The Hammer-
lock Clause? The one
That states that you
take what you get, or
surrender all your assets
and capitol to us?

I couldn't read it. It was
Swahili.

You're beautiful, JA

I think the story is rotten
the casting is vile,
the whole production stinks,
and I want my name
withdrawn from the
credits.

It already is. I'm inked
in for writer, producer,
and director.

Good grief! Franken-
heimer re-visited!

Who's he?

A smart mon. He
deserted TV for the
movies.

That's his lookout. Well,
gentlemen—that will
be all for now, and I'm
glad I have your
approval. Just remember
—what's good for me
is gaad for the country.

Sir—this nate—

Flock, you talk too much.
You're fired.

Shake, baby! The note
says you're fired too.

WHAT DO THEY MEAN
NOT GIVING ME
NOTICE AND A RUINOUS
SEVERANCE PAY? WHO
DO THOSE COMMIE
RATS THINK THEY ARE?

THIS IS AMERICA! WHERE
EVERY MAN IS EQUAL
AND ENTITLED TO A
HEARING AND ---

Sportsman's Corner

Hi, Fans. This is former football great, Frank Gifford, here in Sportsman's Nook. Our guest today is a well-known fisherman and top competitor, a man who is loved and honored wherever fishermen gather which is usually near a river. Pardon me, what is your name?

Bill Brown.

That's it. Slipped my mind for a minute. I always have trouble with foreign names. Tell me, Bill, what is the most common mistake made by novice fishermen?

They misspell novice

Bill, there are lots of accidents involving skin divers hit by motor boats. How can you tell if your fishing boat is passing over a skin diver?

By the screams.

Bill, what is the capacity of the average fishing boat?

That depends upon what the fishermen are drinking

You know the answer to that question as well as I do, Frank. The best tackle is a little above the ankles from behind. The best tackle I ever saw was made by Chuck Bedarnik in the Pitt-Giants game when he hit you from behind, Frank.

Well then, you're one up on me, Bill. I didn't see that tackle...

Bill, I know our fishermen at home would be interested in this question—what's the best tackle to use?

EARTH

People in Virginia have been reporting flying saucers and some say they saw little green men. Augusta County Sheriff John Kent says things have gotten so bad that he is warning citizens not to shoot any little men they see. "Who's got the right to mow them down?" he told reporters.

What are the flying saucers? Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe says he thinks the government knows something so startling that it fears the public would be panicked if they knew what the saucers were. How's that for a joke?

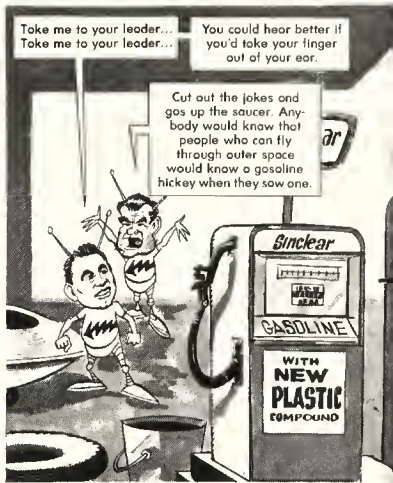
But, there is a reason for people coming here from outer space. We tell you exclusively why we think...

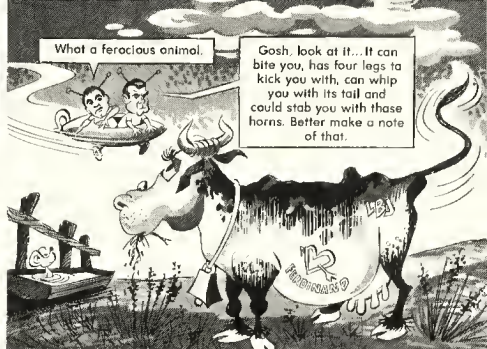


Men from SPACE are Watching You!

Art by Vic Martin

Script by Jim Atkins



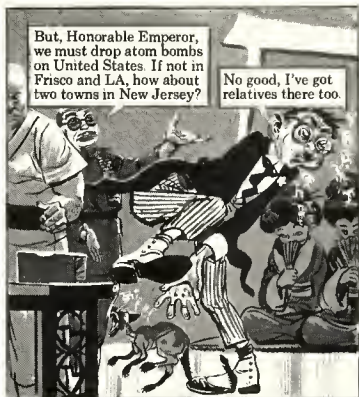
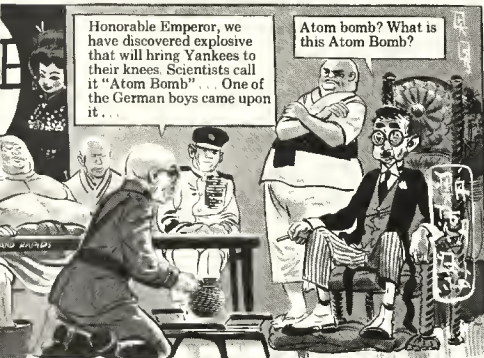



EXCLUSIVE:

How The Japs Lost The War

THE TIME: A few weeks before V-J Day.

THE PLACE: The Japanese High Command Headquarters. A conference presided over by Emperor Tojo.





We all have relatives in US of A, Honorable Emperor, but we mustn't think of ourselves. Suggest we drop bombs in Dakotas—then, nobody would even know.

We have tough enough time now living down sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, which I recall was idea of Stupid here. I don't want Jap people to be bad guys all the time. Charlie Chan is having enough trouble finding work as it is.

But Chan is Chinese

Jerk! He tells everyone he's Chinese. Would he get any work if he told them he was a Jap? Look what happened to Mr. Moto. Chan no dummy.

Honorable Emperor, important communique.

I can't read this—the damn thing is in Japanese. Did any one here get educated in this country?

I took post-graduate course at University of Tokyo. I can read message.

Oh, Honorable Emperor, Americans have dropped atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Cause much destruction to both targets.

Son-of-a-gun... So Truman bombed Nagasaki and Hiroshima. I never thought he would do it. Nagasaki I can understand, but I never thought he'd drop it on Hiroshima.

Why not, Honorable and all-knowing Emperor?

I thought Harry had people in Hiroshima... Well, Sayonara...

What's this—"Sayonara."

American expression my sister taught me. In Japanese it means "YOU CAN'T WIN THEM ALL."

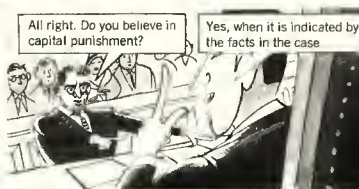
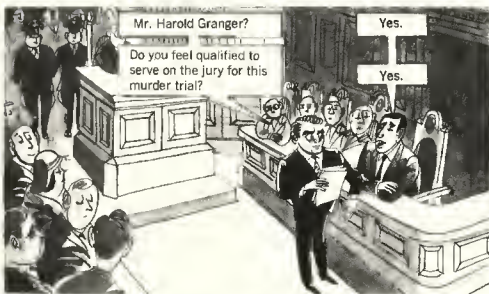
Fractured Flickers

FAVORITE

MURDER TRIAL

We are in the courtroom where the defense attorney is questioning prospective jurors for the James H. Robertson murder trials. As you

know, Mr. Robertson, a respected citizen of this community, is charged with arranging the murder of his wife. Let's listen as the defense attorney questions another juror.



MOVIE SCENES

Art- Arnold Franchioni

HAUNTED HOUSE



As a reputable real estate agent, I must warn you that that castle is haunted. Six unsolved murders were committed in Crighton Castle, the victims roam the castle at night seeking revenge. Strange noises can be heard by people walking near the

castle at night. People have heard the dragging of chains and the screams of horror coming from the castle. Three men have tried to live in the castle in recent years and none of them has ever been heard of again...

...No one can escape the curse of Crighton Castle. That castle is a house of horror. Do you need to know more?



THE FIGHTER



Sluggo's manager—Howie Worth, is giving the slugger last minute instructions before he goes out to meet Sonny in their 15 round Heavyweight Championship fight. Let's listen —

Now, Kid, for the first 10 rounds—I want you to stay away from him... Then, for the last 5 rounds, I want you to RUN away from him!



Science Sicktion

OOZE and BOMBS

News item—The Columbia University research ship, Vema, docked recently with a cargo of ooze which may help refute geology's most controversial theory that all land is one huge mass.

Captain, you have a cargo of ooze, how do you unload it?

That's what I'm trying to figure out.



Where did you get this ooze?

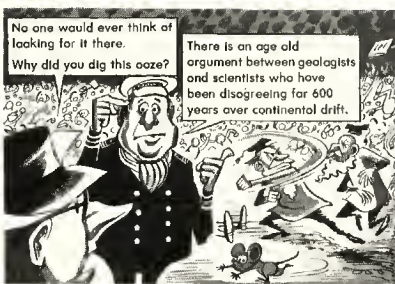
At the bottom of the Indian Ocean.



No one would ever think of looking for it there.

Why did you dig this ooze?

There is an age old argument between geologists and scientists who have been disagreeing for 600 years over continental drift.



And this ooze will settle that argument?

No.

When this ooze hardens, what will it be?

Hardened ooze.



Hydrogen Bomb

Dr. Edward Teller, often called the "father of the Hydrogen Bomb" has just written an article for all parents in Reader's Digest, called: "Do we expect too much from our children?"



SICK ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

(Continued from page 1)

*The Principal of Your School
takes this opportunity
to notify you
that you will be left back
at the end of this term.
Kindly report to this office
with your parents
for further information.*

PLEASE BE ADVISED
THAT AS YOU READ THIS
YOU ARE UNDER ARREST
AND THAT THE POLICE
HAVE YOUR HOUSE SURROUNDED
SO COME OUT QUIETLY
WITH YOUR HANDS UP
OR WE WILL SHOOT TO KILL.

CUT-OUT AND PASTE-OVER

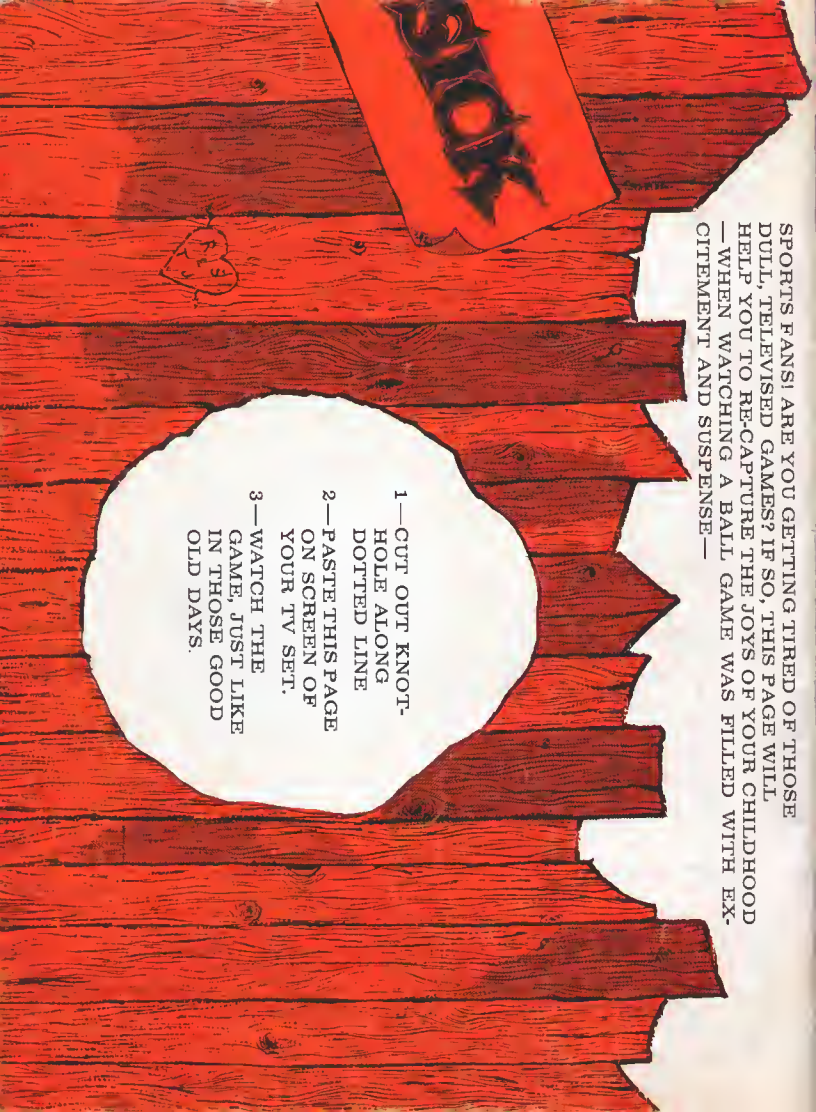
OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

County General Hospital
hereby informs you that
during your recent operation
one of our surgeons
inadvertently left a scalpel
in your pancreas.

Kindly report at once
for another operation.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

*The City Marriage Bureau
regretfully announces that
due to an oversight by our clerk
your marriage certificate is
in error
and you have been
living with your spouse illegally
these many years.
Kindly report for further
instructions.*



SPORTS FANS! ARE YOU GETTING TIRED OF THOSE DULL, TELEVISED GAMES? IF SO, THIS PAGE WILL HELP YOU TO RE-CAPTURE THE JOYS OF YOUR CHILDHOOD — WHEN WATCHING A BALL GAME WAS FILLED WITH EXCITEMENT AND SUSPENSE —

1—CUT OUT KNOT-HOLE ALONG DOTTED LINE

2—PASTE THIS PAGE ON SCREEN OF YOUR TV SET.

3—WATCH THE GAME, JUST LIKE IN THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS.